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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

PLOTTERS WITHOUT A COUNTRY

THE UNEQUIVOCAL DISCLAIMER by the German Government of any part or sympathy in the plots in violation of law and order in this country came at a time when every day was bringing, as the *Springfield Republican* notes, "the news of more arrests of conspirators by the Federal authorities." The arrest of Paul König and R. E. Leyendecker, accused of designs against the Welland Canal, and the arrest of a German reservist clerk of the National City Bank, it adds, "were undoubtedly the result of the collection of solid evidence showing that unlawful acts have been planned by these sympathizers with the Teutonic cause." Before the Federal "drag-net is put away," says the *New York Herald*, as many as fifty men more or less prominent in business will be under the hand of the law. These arrests, *The Herald* believes, may uncover designs against "other canals besides the Welland in Canada, railroad terminals and freight departments, lake steamboats that have been aiding the Allies' cause, military posts, and even public utilities upon which every big city in the country is dependent." In emphatically repudiating all responsibility for these plottings against our domestic peace, the German Government, say our editors, takes a correct position. The repudiation came in the form of an authorized wireless statement from Berlin to the *New York Times*. It reads in part as follows:

"The German Government naturally has never knowingly accepted the support of any person, group of persons, society, or organization seeking to promote the cause of Germany in the United States by illegal acts, by counsels of violence, by contravention of law, or by any means whatever that could offend the American people in the pride of their own authority.

"Apparently, the enemies of Germany have succeeded in creating the impression that the German Government is in some way morally, or otherwise, responsible for what Mr. Wilson has characterized anti-American activities, comprehending attacks

upon property and violations of the rules which the American Government has seen fit to impose upon the course of neutral trade.

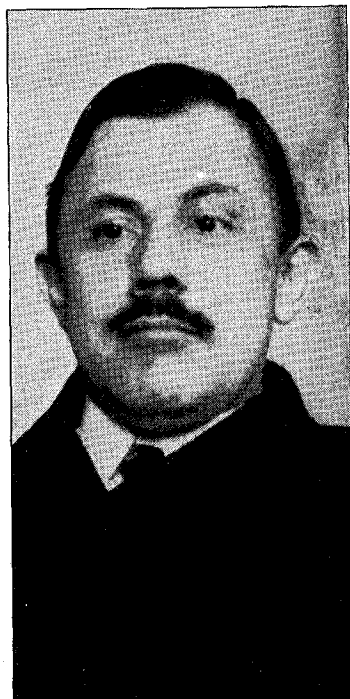
"This the German Government absolutely denies. It can not specifically repudiate acts committed by individuals over whom it has no control, and of whose movements and intentions it is neither officially nor unofficially informed. It can only say, and does most emphatically declare to Germans abroad, to German-American citizens of the United States, to the American people, all alike, that whoever is guilty of conduct tending to associate the German cause with lawlessness of thought, suggestion, or deed against life, property, and order in the United States is, in fact, an enemy of that very cause, and a source of embarrassment to the German Government, notwithstanding anything he or they may believe to the contrary."

The relief afforded by the concluding denunciation of the false friends of Germany "is very great," comments the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*. For—

"The situation had become intolerable. Day after day the reports of the discoveries of the Secret Service had made it appear that a Power with which we were nominally at peace was sanctioning acts of war upon our soil. The singular lack of discretion which apparently involved the official representatives of Germany in constant intercourse with the plotters had begun to stir the American people to bitter resentment. Now the air is cleared. No German, no German-American, will dream of disregarding so solemn a protest from Berlin."

This "pathetic appeal," observes the *New York World*, "might almost melt the heart of the German-language press, both subsidized and free, and move it to take a more patriotic attitude, at least toward Germany."

Taking the statement as a whole, the *Springfield Republican* credits it with "official sincerity." It is, declares the *New York Sun*, "inspired by wisdom and uttered at an opportune moment." *The Sun* would find it difficult to believe that Berlin was ignorant of all pro-German activities in this country, "but it is easily



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A DOUBTFUL PATRIOT.

Paul König, held to be a chief instigator of pro-German plots, is now under arrest. If guilty, his own Government repudiates him as "an enemy of the German cause."

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credible that overzealous subordinates have abused their commissions, and that volunteers more loyal than the king have embarked on projects that would never have received official sanction." *The Sun* hopes "this disavowal may mark the beginning of improvement in the relations between the two countries." But—

"Meanwhile, the protection of American lives and the safeguarding of American property are the tasks of the United States,



THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

—Carter in the New York Evening Sun.

and the attitude of Germany toward violence and disorder can not affect the duty of our authorities. The criminal prosecutions now in progress and contemplated must be conducted vigorously."

Whatever the inspiration of the plotters, a Washington correspondent of the *New York World* notes that the activity of the Federal authorities, through the Secret Service and the Department of Justice, is almost completely putting an end to their ventures. The Department of Justice's investigation, we read, "has developed the fact that much of the work performed by the German propaganda in this country can be traced to the side-doors of the German Government, a great deal of it has been done by individuals inspired by a mistaken zeal of patriotism for the Fatherland. Most of these contributions were undertaken without the sanction of the German Government, yet not openly discouraged by it." The nearest approach to any connection with accredited officials of the German Government "was provided in the case of Captain Boy-Ed and Captain von Papen." Secret agents of the United States, says the *World* correspondent, had clearly tabulated information justifying their expulsion. But Ambassador von Bernstorff "has been fully exculpated from any knowledge of or participation in the incidents" with which his military and naval aides were connected. And—

"Another point brought out by the investigations of the secret agents of this Government, which will be good news to Berlin, is that there is no ground for the suspicion that the German Government was officially responsible for the recent explosions at munition-factories. These, without exception, have been proved to be due to natural causes, such as accidental fires, or to the work of zealous partizans of Germany and Austria, prompted by an individual ambition to help the Fatherland."

The writer in *The World* concludes with an enumeration of "some of the most notable results accomplished by the Government in running down the crimes of German propagandists":

"1. The arrest of Paul König, chief of the German Secret Service in the United States, on the specific charge of conspiring

to blow up the Welland Canal, but known to have been active in other German enterprises in this country and Mexico.

"2. The conviction of Karl Buenz and other officials of the Hamburg-American Steamship Line for supplying false clearance-papers to vessels conveying munitions and food-supplies to German war-ships outside the three-mile limit. These men were sentenced to prison.

"3. The arrest of Gustav Stahl, now serving a term in Atlanta Penitentiary for perjury in connection with the making of a false affidavit alleging the *Lusitania* carried masked guns when she sailed from New York.

"4. The arrest of Baron George William von Brincken, Attaché of the German Consulate at San Francisco; C. C. Crowley, his agent, and Mrs. Abbey Cornell, an employee, charged with inciting arson and murder through the use of the mails and violating the laws relating to the provisioning of German ships off the Pacific Coast. Von Kolberger, the Austrian Vice-Consul, at San Francisco, has been summoned in this case as a material witness.

"5. The pending grand-jury investigation of members of Labor's National Peace Conference, composed of David Lamar, Herman Shulteis, Henry B. Martin, Congressman Frank Buchanan, of Illinois, and former Congressman Fowler, of the same State, charged with violations of the neutrality laws of the country, for which \$170,000 is alleged to have been supplied by the German Government.

"6. While these are the most important of the results so far accomplished in the way of bringing hyphenated offenders to book, there have been innumerable cases of minor importance at New York, Detroit, Chicago, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Columbus, St. Louis, Boston, Philadelphia, New Orleans, San Francisco, and Seattle. More than 400 persons have been involved in cases of this sort, there being at the present time 83 under indictment.

"Further to protect the neutrality of the United States, twelve British citizens were arrested at San Francisco and Seattle, charged with recruiting men for the British Army for service in the European War."

A German-language paper, the *New York Herald*, which once showed by an analysis of alleged plots that there was but one American citizen in the entire list of thirty-five men implicated, believes that any convicted offenders against our laws should "take their punishment." But it wishes they could



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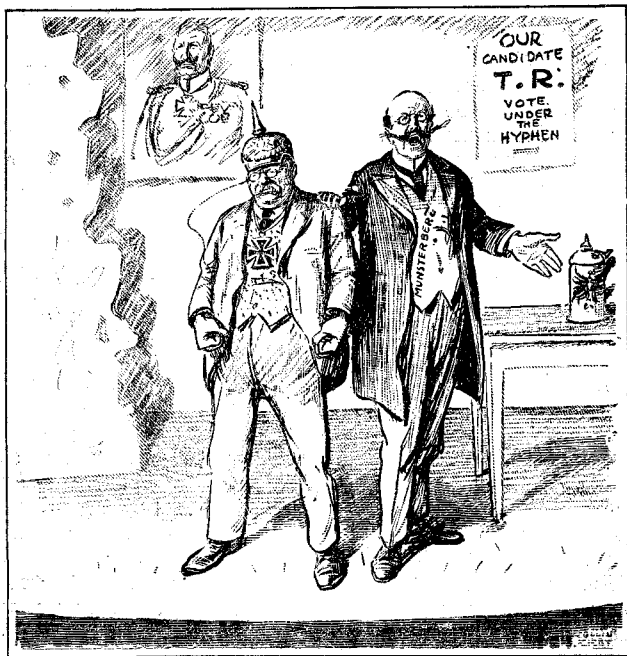
THE MOST UNKINDEST KICK OF ALL.

—Rogers in the New York Herald.

be sentenced to "detention in a fortress," a punishment prescribed in Germany in cases where no personal dishonor attaches to the deed. For it does not think that fair-minded men will be inclined to judge too severely the overzealous or overpatriotic "German plotters," provided, of course, "they are not plotters for gain."

COLONEL ROOSEVELT AS THE GERMAN-AMERICANS' CANDIDATE

MORE PIQUANT than prophetic, perhaps, is Prof. Hugo Münsterberg's remark: "It may happen that Roosevelt will be carried into the White House on German-American shoulders." Yet almost on the echo of these surprising words comes the voice of another Harvard professor,



INTRODUCING THE CANDIDATE.

—Kirby in the New York World.

Dr. John A. Walz, of the chair of German language and literature, declaring that "the Progressive movement in this country is the attempt to apply German methods and principles of government to American conditions." The situation, as Professor Münsterberg pictures it in *The Fatherland*, a New York German-American weekly, is this: "The Presidential problem is simply: Wilson or Roosevelt; and both men know it. The Presidential elections of next November will be decided by the German-Americans; and both sides know it."

The implication, as some editors see it, is that the German-Americans, committed to the slogan "Anything to beat Wilson," may have to vote for the Colonel or see the President reelected. Professor Münsterberg, it is true, interpolates a word of apology for the present incumbent of the White House, and warns the German-Americans that "it would be a new political blunder if they were to break to-day with him completely." And the editor of *The Fatherland* refuses to believe that the German-Americans will have to choose "between the devil of Rooseveltism and the deep sea of Wilson." "It seems to us inconceivable," says Mr. Viereck, "that the German-Americans could support Roosevelt in view of his insults and gratuitous assaults on the good name of the German race." This appears, indeed, to be the general view of newspaper-observers, who recall the Colonel's uncompromising denunciation of the violation of Belgium and his fierce demands for action after the sinking of the *Lusitania*. Thus in an article in *The Metropolitan* (New York) he not only arraigns Germany for "crimes" against humanity and the law of nations, but declares that "the American who defends the action taken against Belgium, or who fails to condemn it, is unworthy to live in a free country, or to associate with men of lofty soul and generous temper." And again: "As for the hyphenated American, he endeavors to serve his foreign Fatherland without exposing his own wretched carcass to the danger which would come to him if he served in the trenches beside his fellow countrymen who have stayed at home—and who at least pretend to no divided allegiance."

But Professor Münsterberg discovers "a bridge over which the German-Americans can reach the Roosevelt camp again." This bridge is an article from the Colonel's pen, recently published in the *New York Evening Mail*, under the title, "Germany's Lessons for the United States." And the German psychologist goes on to explain that "the psychological equation" of Theodore Roosevelt's personality "makes him a pro-German in all that is best in him, and only his temper and his perpetual desire to be with the masses made him a pro-Ally." "If German-Americans see the small things small and the great things great," he adds, "they will not stumble over adjectives." To quote another section of this tribute from so improbable a source:

"The little bits of abuse which I have read and the large piles of it which I have succeeded in avoiding would indeed separate any other politician for all time from the self-respecting German-American voters. But the case of Roosevelt is entirely different. Every American knows him, some hate him; many love him; but no one takes him without a grain of salt. It would be simply absurd to measure his words by the same scale as those of Root or Taft or Wilson. But the chief thing is that no one would like him other than he is. Not only that we tolerate his inconsistencies, but he would no longer be himself if his utterances ever become consistent. He is loyal to himself, and, therefore, to the nation, only by exaggerating every argument and shooting beyond the mark. Whenever two Americans talk about him they can take it for granted that they agree in the essentials, namely, that he is intolerable, that all he says is wrong, that, after all which has happened, he is an impossible Presidential candidate, that he is the greatest man America has, and that surely he will be President again. German-Americans must seriously regret Roosevelt's having gone on the anti-German path, but they would make fools of themselves if they were to protest against the exaggerations in his anti-German exclamations. That is his temperament and his temper, the most superficial thing in the man.

"There remains, of course, the very fact that he has been trapt into the nets of those who wove the pro-Ally newspaper opinion in this country. But even there Roosevelt is hardly to blame. He was slowly pushed to his platform by the events of the day. I have not the slightest doubt that there could have been no greater good fortune for Germany, as far as America is concerned, than if Roosevelt had been President in August, 1914.



THE SHADOW!

—Chapin in the St. Louis Republic.

His temperament would never have allowed him to take the passive attitude of a real neutrality. Those unforgettable words with which Wilson characterized the neutrality which, as the events have shown, was not attainable in this country, would never have come from the lips of the vehement Colonel. What he would have done with the whole vigor of his robust personality would have been to resist England's attack against America's independence. On the day on which England cut the German

cables to America, and made this nation dependent upon the British censor in those decisive weeks in which American public opinion was to be formed, he would have been found not only fulminating words but means for energetic action. He probably would have threatened an embargo on arms if the means of communication and information from both belligerent sides were not put at the service of the American nation at once."

And "if the Colonel had been the Kaiser," remarks the anti-Roosevelt New York *Evening Post* (Ind.), carrying supposition still further, "have we not evidence that he would have invaded Belgium without scruple, and, instead of apologizing for it half-heartedly, as the German Chancellor did, would have glorified it as an act of the highest international righteousness?" In another issue the same paper remarks that "either Professor Münsterberg is having a little fun with his former friend, Colonel Roosevelt, or else much psychology hath made him mad." But it concedes that "there is a certain truth" in the Professor's "detection of a Prussian quality in the Colonel." "On the whole," says the Springfield *Republican* (Ind.), "Professor Münsterberg writes discreetly and soberly, as well as cleverly, on the rollicking possibility of making Mr. Roosevelt the Presidential candidate of the German-American voters of the United States." But it also remarks that—

"If Professor Münsterberg's specialty were history or international law instead of psychology, he might not have been so certain that Theodore Roosevelt, if President at the outbreak of the war, would have resented Britain's cutting of cables not only with fulminating words, but with energetic action. For the restraint of the United States Government in that matter there's a reason. During the war with Spain in 1898 the United States Navy did the same thing, cutting the cables between Santiago and Jamaica and Manila and Hongkong. To be sure, Theodore Roosevelt was not President then, but personally he approved the act, and had he not come into office before the case was settled? The United States refused to admit that a right to payment existed, but as a matter of equity made good the actual damage done. Mr. Roosevelt, in President Wilson's place, would have been slow to make war over the cutting of cables."

In presenting Theodore Roosevelt as the candidate of the German vote, remarks the New York *World* (Dem.), "Professor Münsterberg speaks rather as the trained psychologist than the practical politician." Yet *The World* sees some plausibility in his contention that in the White House the Colonel "would have been the leader of the anti-Allies." Indeed,

"There is much to be said for this argument, especially when it is known that in the earlier weeks of the war Mr. Roosevelt was inclined to be pro-German. He did not become avowedly anti-German until the resentment of Americans against the invasion of Belgium had raised a popular issue."

"Sad nonsense" is the phrase used by the Boston *Transcript* (Ind. Rep.) to characterize Professor Münsterberg's suggestion that the German-Americans should support Roosevelt. "These strenuous German missionaries in America simply can not get the hyphen out of their minds," it remarks. And another Republican paper, the Hartford *Courant*, doubts if the Colonel's popularity will be heightened by the Professor's tributes. At a recent luncheon, according to the news columns of the New York *Tribune*, Colonel Roosevelt himself declared emphatically that, much as he disliked President Wilson and his policies, "he would, in the event of the Republicans nominating any man on a hyphen platform or on hyphenated promises, support Wilson with all the strength at his command."

Mr. Viereck, in a later issue of *The Fatherland*, finds comfort in the thought that as yet neither Roosevelt nor Wilson has received the nomination for 1916, and he declares that it is the duty of German-Americans "to fight their nomination, tooth and nail." But—

"If Mr. Wilson should be again the nominee of his party, and if Mr. Roosevelt should receive the Republican nomination, we can decide which of the two is the LESSER EVIL. The German-Americans may vote the Socialist ticket rather than cast a ballot for either Roosevelt or Wilson."

WHY AMERICA DRINKS LESS

PROHIBITION IS NOT THE CAUSE of the decreased consumption of alcoholic liquors shown in the revenue reports, according to the Prohibitionist *Vindicator* (Franklin, Pa.). Promising a detailed study later, this journal now occupies itself merely with the showing of the annual report of Commissioner of Internal Revenue Osborn, which informs us that during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1915, there was a decrease in the alcoholic liquors "withdrawn for consumption" as follows: Fruit spirits, 188,698 gallons; other spirits, 14,794,625 gallons; fermented liquors, 6,358,744 gallons. *The Vindicator* points out that this withdrawal of spirits is less than in any year since 1909, and the withdrawal of beer less than in any year since 1910. Consequently it will be said that Prohibition is beginning to be felt by the liquor business, it adds, and indeed quotes the revenue report as stating that the reduction in withdrawals is "doubtless attributable in large measure to the Prohibition laws enacted in many of the States." *The Vindicator* disputes this contention, and recurs to what it has "already and long ago" defined as the real explanation, which is "the financial condition of the country." If we take the fiscal year of 1915 and that of 1914, what differences do we find between these two periods in regard to Prohibition law, this journal inquires, and answers its own question as follows:

"The only differences to be noted are that West Virginia, with a population of less than a million and a quarter, was under Prohibition during the whole of the fiscal year 1915, while under license during the fiscal year 1914; and Arizona, with a population of less than a quarter of a million, was under Prohibition from January 1, 1915, or during the last six months of the fiscal year 1915. These are the only changes affecting territory as large as a State, while the changes which took place under the various forms of local option probably just about balanced one another, about as much 'dry' territory 'going wet' as there was of 'wet' territory 'going dry.' The 'going dry' of Virginia, Alabama, Arkansas, Iowa, Colorado, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington has no bearing upon the case, since in none of those States did the prohibitory law go into force during the year in question."

Moreover, there is nothing to show a better enforcement of prohibitory law during the fiscal year 1915 than during 1914, observes *The Vindicator*, which describes as ridiculous the claim that "the bringing of something like a million and a half people under Prohibition accounts for a reduction of almost 15,000,000 gallons in spirit-consumption and more than 6,000,000 barrels in beer-consumption." There must be another explanation, and economy—the one which this journal believes to be the true one—has been noted above. Its conviction is rooted more firmly as it points out that—

"There was during the year a decline in consumption of cigars amounting to more than 677,000,000 and a reduction of more than 10,000,000 pounds in the withdrawal of tobacco for smoking- and chewing-purposes. There is no Prohibition to account for this, yet the cigar-consumption shows substantially the same percentage of reduction that is found in the liquor-consumption."

It should be remarked, however, says the New York *Tribune* on this point, that during the same period the increase in the use of cigarets has been "enormous"; and it adds that "tho a saving spirit might possibly account for a decrease in the consumption of certain beverages, it is hardly sufficient to explain the all-round reduction indicated in the annual report." Says the New York *Press*:

"Should National Prohibition ever become a fact the need then would be for some new form of revenue to equal the \$218,000,000 which was derived last year from the liquor-taxes."

"Developing new revenue of such great proportions is not the work of a day or a week. It will take long study and much gray matter, and it is a subject which the men in Congress who believe in Prohibition should tackle just as vigorously as they do the 'demon rum.'"

VILLA'S "FIRST AID" TO WASHINGTON

SINCE THE FALL OF THE ELDER DIAZ modern Mexico has experienced no event "more fraught with potential consequences" than the fall of Pancho Villa, former bandit and revolutionary leader. This opinion is voiced, among other journals, by the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* (Ind.), which adds that if Mexico becomes pacified as a result of the disappearance of "the most active and dangerous of insurgents," the fact will be hailed as a justification of the policy of the Washington Administration in recognizing Carranza. The general result will bulk larger in popular estimation than the means by which it was brought about, *The Ledger* goes on to say. For, altho there is no way of knowing certainly whether peace might not have long ago been attained if President Wilson had not chosen to "repudiate and defeat" Huerta, still it is so important to have peace and that the menace of Mexico be removed that "the people will overlook that which might have been yesterday for the more concrete happenings of to-day and to-morrow." The *New York Times* (Ind. Dem.), too, notes with equanimity that politicians who counted on attacks on the Wilson Mexican policy in the coming Presidential campaign have lost this one "issue" with the retirement of Villa. While this journal will not say that the Administration has been wholly consistent in its dealings with

Mexican questions, it is far from denying that it has been successful. All through this country, we read, there is a feeling of thankfulness that war with Mexico has been avoided and that a better acquaintance exists between the two nations. Again, the settlement of the Mexican question has indirectly brought the United States into closer relationship with the South-American republics and Guatemala, the value of which bond is generally recognized. The outlook for Mexico is now as bright as it possibly could be, adds *The Times*, after more than five years of revolution, and while many claims for damages to American citizens and others must be met, and great financial and industrial problems must be solved, still, "with good feeling reestablished and leaders who are fit, there is no reason why all the obstacles should not be overcome and a new era begun in which the Mexican people will be educated to a better understanding of their duties and their relation to the rest of mankind."

With reference to the suspicions of the sincerity of Villa's intention to stay out as well as get out of Mexico, moreover, this journal calls attention to the fact that the few associates who remained with him until his final overthrow are "now bargaining for admission to the forces of Carranza." Most of the principals of the so-called Villista party were such through force of circumstances and have no quarrel with Carranza; and as there is no reason why he should continue at odds with them, "some time must elapse before they can hope to exert their influence again in Mexican public affairs." The reconciliation between them and the Constitutionalist Government, according

to a Washington correspondent of *The Times*, is based on the following terms:

"First—The Carranza *de facto* Government is to grant general amnesty to the leaders and followers of the Villa faction.

"Secondly—General Villa is to become a political refugee in the United States.

"Thirdly—In return for amnesty the Villa leaders are to turn over the affairs of local government at Chihuahua, Juarez, in the Casas Grandes district, and at the few other places they control to the Carranza Government, which will, within a few days, be flying the flag of the Constitutionalist Government over the Government buildings in Villa territory.

"Fourthly—The Villa troops are to be taken into the Constitutionalist Army and employed in the campaign which soon is to be inaugurated against the Zapatistas in the State of Morelos."

Press dispatches from El Paso, Texas, state that the surrender of the organization includes most of his army, about 75 per cent. of the rolling stock of the railroads of Mexico, and the State of Chihuahua, the richest mining and live-stock district in the Republic. The losses suffered by foreign interests in the territory controlled by Villa are estimated at \$50,000,000, due to confiscations and thefts of ore, cattle, and other property, spoliation of banks and churches, and the depreciation of Villa currency. Yet in spite of Villa's earlier career of lawlessness, says the *New York World* (Ind. Dem.), if he had remained true to the Constitutionalist cause he would have gained "a measure



GENERAL VILLA AND HIS WIFE.

At the urging of his wife and the suggestion of his chiefs, Carranza's greatest rival agrees to leave Mexico and live in the United States or in Europe as a "political exile" in order to "better the cause." His retirement, long foreseen, "marks the end of an epoch."

of the fame of a Bolivar or a Juarez," and it adds:

"Partly by reason of his own lack of discipline, partly as a result of jealousy of General Carranza, and partly, no doubt, in response to the influence of certain foreign interests, General Villa rebelled against his own cause in the very hour of its triumph. By his attack upon the Provisional Government in an attempt to promote his own fortunes or to revenge himself upon those who had slighted him, he added immeasurably to the miseries of Mexico and gave himself a name that will remain infamous."

But the *New York Evening Post* (Ind.) regards Villa with a more indulgent eye, and defines the outlaw who came within striking distance of the Presidency, and who developed into a military genius, as showing "in his own person the raw capacities of the Mexican people for good and evil." His acknowledgment that the game is up is formal recognition of a fact that has been patent for some months, yet with his going the contemporary stage loses one of its most picturesque characters. We read then:

"He was the peon whom the policies of Diaz denied the opportunity for developing into a contented and prosperous citizen of his country. It has been a romantic career. Yuan Shi Kai, who has won an emperor's crown, set out from the high position of Governor of one of China's greatest provinces, and has traversed the interval in fifteen years. If we measure the distance from Villa's starting-point to where he stood at the height of his power, the record is no less impressive. Nor does the picturesque record suffer from the fact that the outlaw Villa rose to fame on the crest of a great cause, that he will go down in history as one of the avengers of Francisco Madero and a vindicator of the cause of Mexican democracy."

AUSTRIA'S OFFENSE

OUR BLUNT NOTES to Austria aroused in some observers the conviction that President Wilson would view a severance of diplomatic relations without great regret. The Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald* believed it was the purpose of the Administration "to force a break with Austria as a demonstration of aggressiveness preparatory to forcing the issue over the *Lusitania* with Germany." And the New York *Tribune* quotes an unnamed authority on German opinion as corroborating this view, and remarking that "when you want a man to give you something, you do not begin by slapping his face, which was practically what the Administration did in the first *Ancona* note." Political reasons for the impatient attitude toward Austria have been hinted, but the New York *Globe* puts it on a higher ground by declaring that "our Government is not willing to meet in friendly intercourse the representatives of a Government that instructs its submarine commanders to sink vessels with stopt engines when aboard of such vessels are helpless non-combatants." Whatever the motive, President Wilson has decided that the dignity of the United States requires "a firm and even

drastic course, if necessary, to secure a compliance with the American point of view," says a New York *Evening Post* writer. He goes on to point out the vital difference of view-point which brought about the crisis in the relations between the United States and the Dual Monarchy. Austria, we are told, holds that—

"The United States has admitted that when a vessel makes repeated attempts to escape she forfeits all rights, placing the ship in a class with war-craft. The fact that it was necessary to shell the *Ancona* repeatedly to make her stop proves conclusively, from the Austrian standpoint, that the commander could have even torpedoed the vessel with all on board and have remained within his legal rights. His grant of forty-five minutes to the passengers to escape when the ship did stop is viewed as an act of mercy, but not an obligation."

But the Washington Government refuses to concede the validity of this argument.

"Claiming that no matter what the previous acts of an escaping vessel, when she finally does stop, her status is exactly that of a war-ship or other craft that has surrendered. Her passengers are entitled to the same treatment as prisoners of war—and defenseless non-combatants must not be harmed."

With our Government's position most newspaper editors are in perfect agreement. The New York *Journal of Commerce* sets forth in detail the "accepted rules, consecrated by precedent and by conventions," for naval warfare on commerce, points out the illegality of German contentions, and concludes that—

"In our controversy with Austria, as in the previous correspondence with Germany, our Government finds itself compelled to lay down the rule that it will not recognize indiscrimi-

nate destruction as a substitute for regulated capture. If neither Government regards the dictates of humanity and the demands of civilization as affecting naval warfare, it is time that the world should know it, and that the decree of outlawry challenged by any such attitude should be formally pronounced."

German-American editors have often been quoted in criticism of the attitude of our State Department on this matter. Like them the Milwaukee *Free Press* sees Secretary Lansing taking "a limited and one-sided view":

"By denouncing the attack of the submarine after it had waited fifty minutes and another vessel was approaching the scene, Secretary Lansing appears to take the stand that a submarine commander must give the vessel he has captured all the time it chooses before he launches his torpedo. No such principle can be tolerated as a rule of war."

And then, the Jacksonville *Florida Times-Union*, which is not published in a German center like Milwaukee, reminds its readers that after conceding to the full the barbarous nature of the *Ancona* incident, "it would have been none of our business but for the fact that individual Americans lost their lives." But "it was not known that they were on board" the Italian liner. Hence—

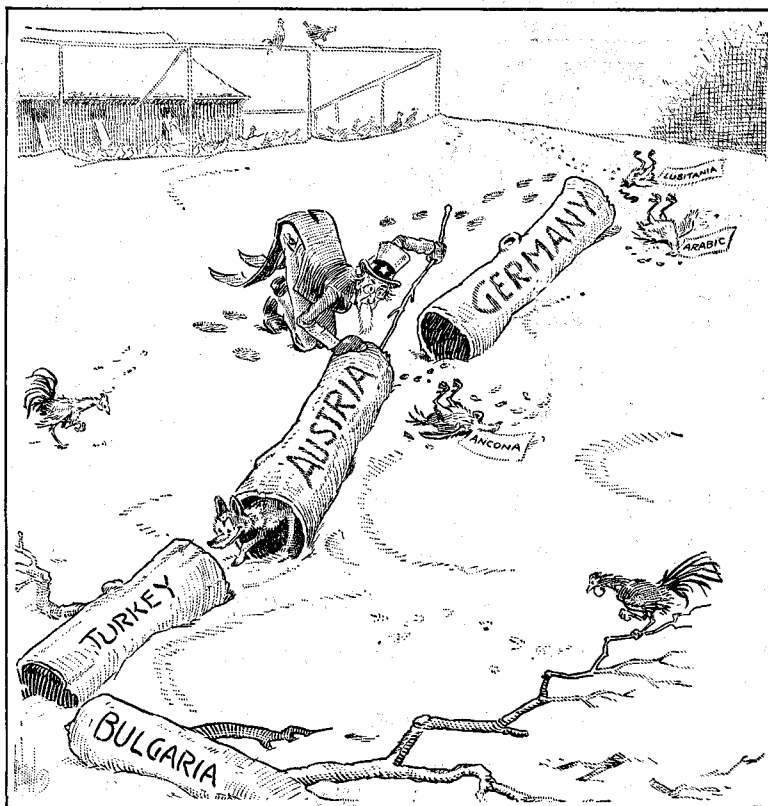
"No attack on the United States was intended. No insult to the

United States was given. . . . Austria did not attack any American vessel. England persists in attacking them and turns a deaf ear to protests."

In Secretary Lansing's second *Ancona* note there is no detailed discussion of international law. "But," says the New York *Sun*, "it is adequate and responsive" and "answers the question raised by the Imperial and Royal Government with sufficient expressiveness to establish the facts and principles on which our demands are grounded." Mr. Lansing refers to a report of the Austro-Hungarian Admiralty in which it was admitted that the *Ancona* "was torpedoed after her engines had been stopt and when passengers were still on board." This admission the Government holds sufficient to fix upon the commander of the submarine the responsibility for violation of international law and disregard of the principles of common humanity. It therefore holds that other details "are in no way essential," and it finds that it must hold the Austrian Government "responsible for the act of its naval commander," and "must renew the definite but respectful demands" made in its earlier communication. These demands, it will be remembered, were for disavowal, reparation, and punishment of the submarine commander.

The position in which the Austrian Government was placed by this note was thus expressed by the New York *World*:

"If Vienna regards it as more important to support a panicked submarine commander who ran amuck and massacred helpless women and children than to maintain a traditional friendship with a neutral Government whose citizens have been wantonly murdered, the decision rests with Austria."



THE SUBMARINE FOX.

—Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch.

"What is inevitably the last word in defining the terms on which that relationship can continue has been spoken by the United States Government."

Action on the part of either Government may have settled the controversy in one way or another before this meets the eye of our reader. The New York *Herald*, believing that neither Government would back down, predicted that relations would soon be severed. The New York *Times*, Washington *Post*, and *Indiana Times* of Indianapolis, on the other hand, expected Austria to accede, at least far enough to insure a peaceful settlement. The St. Paul *Pioneer Press* concluded from a study of the note that the United States had, without receding from its original position, given Austria a chance to grant our demands "without the complete loss of self-respect and dignity." The revision of the American demands pleased Mr. Ridder of the New York *Staats-Zeitung*. The note, he said, "may be accepted as a tenuous bridge by which the two great peoples of America and the Dual Monarchy may span the Eblis of ill-feeling and, possibly, of a disastrous war." It is not at all likely that a break will follow, said the Omaha *Bee*, "because the Central Powers are concerned in maintaining friendly relations with the United

States." Count Tisza, the Hungarian premier, denied the possibility of "trouble over the Ancona question. It must be settled satisfactorily not only from the standpoint of the United States, but from our standpoint."

The New York *Tribune* took the appearance of the second and "milder" note as occasion for the following thorough-going denunciation of the Wilson policy toward Germany and Austria:

"In the submarine controversy with Germany we thundered in the index and let our protest die down to a gentle roaring in the fourth chapter. Our strongest note was written first—in anticipation of German violence. In it we gave notice that we should hold Germany to 'strict accountability' for American lives taken at sea in violation of international law. After Germany did what we had warned her against doing we wrote the 'omit-no-word-or-act' note, demanding reparation. Next we renewed our demand 'very solemnly,' but without results, and finally we express the hope that Germany would no longer withhold reparation and announced that we should consider a similar offense as 'deliberately unfriendly.' After more than seven months of negotiation the *Lusitania* crime is still unrebuked.

"Will there be a swifter accounting in the Ancona case? Not if the precedents set in the controversy with Germany are followed."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

FOREIGN Governments must now be aware that we are not too proud to write.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

SPEAKING about peace, the Kaiser will kindly note that England has now referred her case to the Haig.—*Boston Transcript*.

JUST to make sure, hadn't Mr. Lansing better send a special copy of our Ancona note to Constantinople?—*Philadelphia North American*.

THERE will be no patched-up peace, says President Wilson. But there will be a lot of patched-up nations.—*Charleston News and Courier*.

BREAKING off diplomatic relations with Austria is a good deal like backing into a war through the rear entrance.—*Boston Transcript*.

THE principal mistake Greece made, like Belgium and Poland, seems to have been in her selection of a place on the map.—*Kansas City Star*.

WHEN Secretary Daniels got converted to preparedness he went right up to the front bench, opened the hymn-book, and began to take a leading part in the services.—*Chicago Herald*.

"THE Kaiser was overcome with emotion." Sometimes the Allies must feel that that's all that ever will overcome him.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

WE may be forced to terminate diplomatic relations with Austria. It is quite possible that our State Department is facing a shortage of notepaper.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

CHINA is perhaps the one country in the world which can shift from a republic to a kingdom and vice versa, without the population being aware of the fact.—*Chicago Herald*.

THE social center of New York's population has moved 600 feet in the last two years, which shows that the 400 possesses a degree of progressivism not heretofore suspected.—*Boston Transcript*.

WHEN Senator Hoke Smith realizes that cotton is worth twenty cents a pound in the Berlin market his heart bleeds for the starving women and children of Germany.—*New York Morning Telegraph*.

THE synthetic rubber which Germany is now making is a boon. It is the synthetic money her printing-presses are turning out that is going to prove the greatest disappointment.—*New York Morning Telegraph*.

THE trouble with the belligerents is that each side is unbeaten and knows it.—*Buffalo Enquirer*.

THE Colonel's hat is in the ring, but to most of us it looks too much like a helmet.—*Charleston News and Courier*.

ENGLAND is now mobilizing American stocks, which do not need six months' training to be made efficient.—*New York Evening Mail*.

MR. LANSING was careful not to weaken the note to Austria by using that meaningless phrase, "strict accountability."—*Philadelphia North American*.

BETWEEN Colonel Roosevelt and the diplomatic correspondence of this epoch the dictionary business is getting a look-in all right.—*New York Morning Telegraph*.

IT'S easy to understand Mr. Roosevelt's clamor for a greater army and navy. He can't live always, and doesn't want to leave us entirely unprotected.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman*.

MR. FORD's correspondence with the crowned heads of Europe appears to be conspicuously one-sided thus far.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune*.

IF Japan had suspected that China would be so imitative, maybe that coronation of the Mikado wouldn't have been press-agented so widely.—*Philadelphia North American*.

JUDGING from the constant complaints it is necessary to make to all the warring nations, Uncle Sam appears to be the official innocent bystander of this war.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman*.

THE Republican National Convention is going back to Chicago. Well, it has long been believed by psychologists that there is an overpowering something that ultimately drives the guilty back to the place where the crime was committed.—*Kansas City Star*.

REPUBLICAN National Chairman Hilles' suggestion that Congress this winter may develop a desirable orator to blow the key-note as temporary chairman of the Republican National Convention is likely to cause a great strain on the *Congressional Record*.—*Indianapolis News*.



BY WIRELESS FROM THE PEACE-SHIP.

—Bartholomew in the Minneapolis Daily News.

FOREIGN - COMMENT



WHERE THE SERB MAY YET ESCAPE FROM TEUTON AND BULGAR PURSUIT.

One of the reasons why the Montenegrins have never had to stop fighting since the war began is because of the perilous nature of their mountain passes to those unused to the intense cold and unfamiliar with the topography. In these fastnesses there is hope for Montenegro's ally, the Serb. Here one may see the typical costume of these mountain warriors among whom part of the Servian Army has found a refuge.

ALL SERVIA IN ENEMY HANDS

THE INACTION of her powerful allies is blamed for the plight of Serbia, which, with her King and Premier in Italy, no longer exists, except in name. "The footsteps of the Allies have been dogged by the mocking specter of 'too late,'" said Lloyd-George in Parliament, and the English editors echo the confession. To summarize the campaign, as told in dispatches, official reports, and the foreign press, it really dates from the fall of the Russian fortress of Brest-Litovsk on August 25, which freed a great German army for service in the Balkans. By the end of September, all preparations were completed and a large Austro-German army was assembled on the banks of the Save and the Danube, which were successfully crossed on October 6. Three days later Belgrade was taken for the second time in the history of the war. During this period Bulgaria was preparing to assist her Germanic allies, mobilizing her forces on September 23, and actually entering the fight on October 14. Thirteen days later a junction was effected between the German and the Bulgar armies, and the way to Constantinople lay open, and, for the first time in the war, territorial unity between the Central allies was achieved. The map illustrating this article shows the great sweeps during the month of November by which the victorious Teutons and their allies drove the Servians into the Albanian Mountains. On December 1, the last remaining Servian city—Monastir—surrendered to the Bulgars, and by December 12 the whole of Macedonia passed into the hands of the victors.

When it was already too late the Entente Allies awoke and sent a handful of Anglo-French troops who, landing at Saloniki on October 6, endeavored fruitlessly to stem the torrent. This

force, now considerably augmented, has retreated again into Greek territory, where it remains, awaiting developments. The official German view of the situation, as expressed in the official announcement from General Headquarters, runs:

"With the flight of the scanty remnants of the Servian Army into the Albanian Mountains, our great operations against the same are brought to a close."

Major Moraht, the discriminating military critic of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, refuses to accept the view that the Servian chapter is closed until the Anglo-French expedition has been driven into the Aegean. He writes:

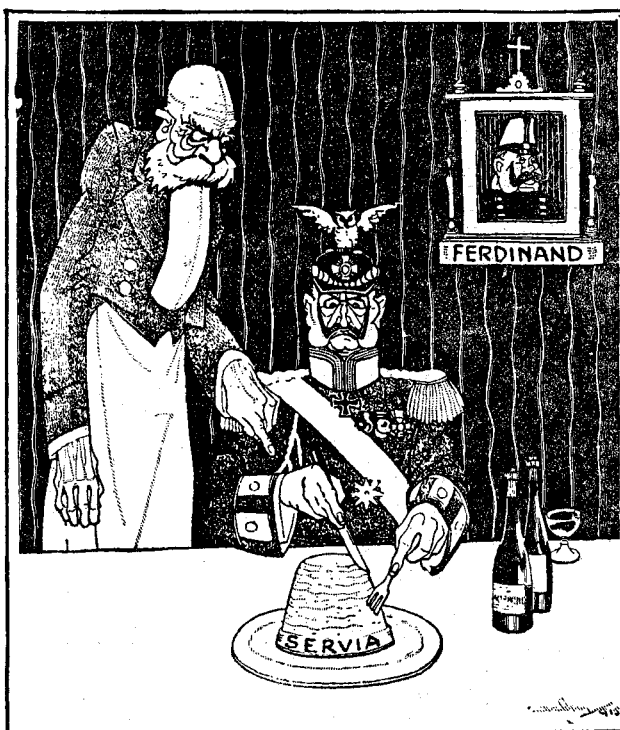
"Can one really credit the Anglo-French Expeditionary Army with a long life, even if Italy decides to enter that theater of war? In my opinion the period of its existence is being decided by the Bulgarians rather than by the English General Staff. In order to render his decision easier, let us remind the enemy that his allied opponents are very far from being contented with half-measures. Work half-done is only half-victory. It is not for this that we have shed our precious blood. Just as surely as we have smashed the Servians, so surely will the attack on the Anglo-French auxiliaries follow."

This view is supported by the *Berlin Lokal Anzeiger*, which says:

"Have we done with the South-east? Most certainly not. Macedonia must still be cleared of the enemy, who does not consist of Serbs alone. We will not discuss further the hopelessness of any undertakings by the Allies' expeditionary forces; . . . they are assuredly doomed to collapse now that the Servian Army is wiped out."

England, as usual incurably optimistic, is dismayed neither by the Servian *débâcle* nor by Major Moraht's threats, and indeed the *Manchester Guardian* makes light of them and says:

"It is evident that Germany has a very awkward team to



EATING THE SERVIAN PUDDING.

WAITER FRANZ JOSEF.—"Mind it doesn't make you ill. It always disagreed with me."
—*Il Numero* (Turin).

handle, and it will tax all her ingenuity to keep them going. It seems not improbable that she will have to consent to some reduction both of the Austrian and of the Bulgarian strength in Macedonia, the Austrian for the sake of Trieste, the Bulgarian for the defense of her own frontiers against Russia. The determination of her military policy in the Balkans will not be an easy matter under these conditions."

The Westminster Gazette thinks the Central Powers will rest upon their laurels, for—

"The main purpose of the Balkan adventure of Germany has been political. It was undertaken in order, if possible, to loosen the cement which bound the Allies together and to arouse differences between them. It has done nothing of the kind, and the Entente Powers will speak with one mind in any representations which they may be making at Athens."

The more pessimistic London *Daily Mail*, however, seems to be seriously alarmed. It says the opening of a route to Constantinople has defeated the whole of the Allies' blockade:

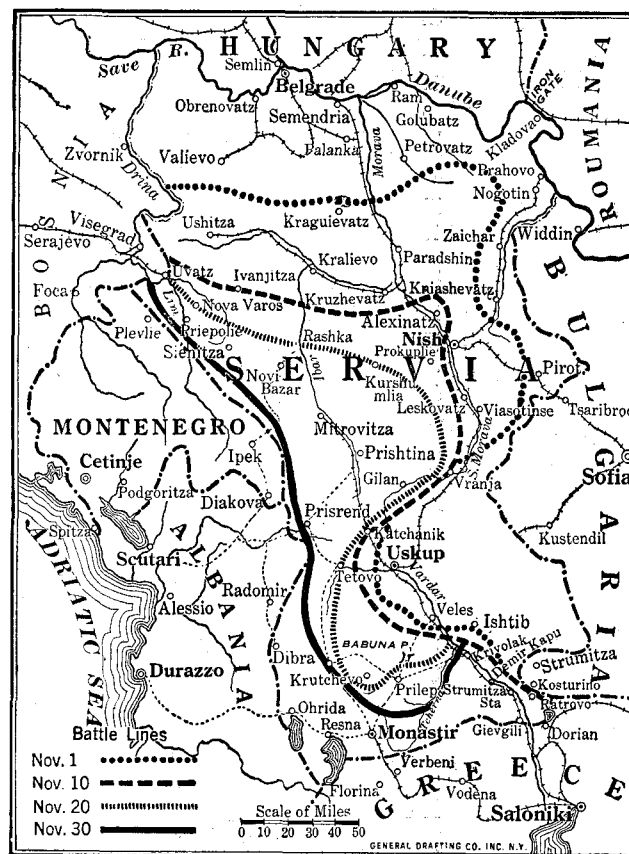
"The German road to the Near East has been cleared, and the Socialist Herr Südekum is already claiming that 'the danger of economic annihilation for Germany has been removed.' That is to say, he believes Germany will, as time goes on, be able to supply many of her present bitter needs from the territory to which she has just gained access."

It goes on to prophesy an unpleasant future for the Allied troops at Saloniki, who, it thinks, are certain to be hard prest:

"The enemy has the signal advantage of possessing no fewer than four distinct railways running near to the front on which

out to the Serbs by the London *Standard*, which merely glances at unpleasant facts and then proceeds to cheer the defeated and starving Servians with golden visions of a rosy future:

"But we can not believe that anything short of actual extermination will destroy the high spirit of the Servian people."



THE TEUTONIC SWEEP THROUGH SERBIA.

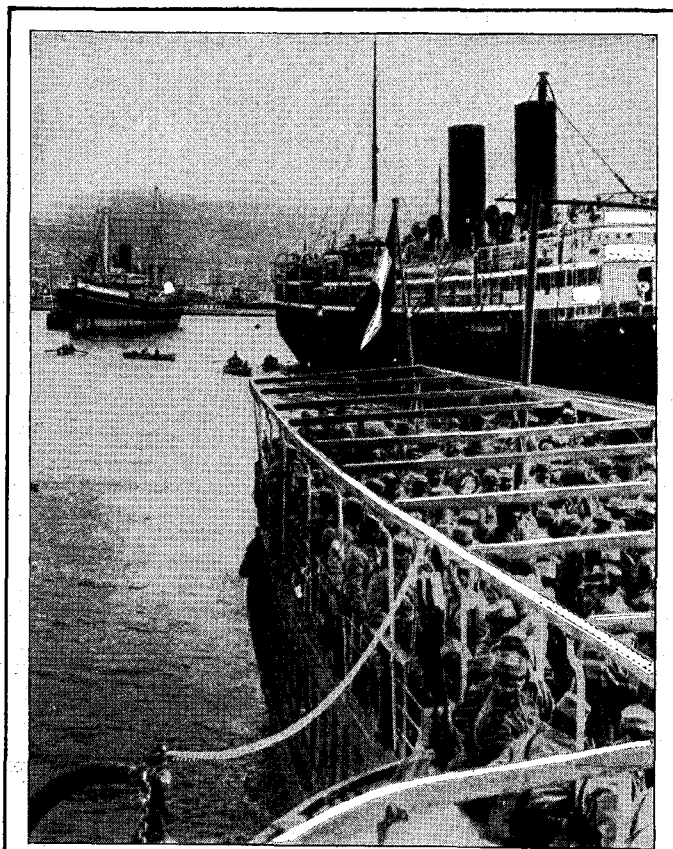
The Austro-German armies crossed the Danube and the Save on October 6. They were joined by the Bulgarians on October 14, and, by December 1, Monastir, the last Serbian city, surrendered. This map is based upon several drafted by the London *Times*.

Deeds such as have been wrought on Servian soil during the last fifteen months are not in vain. It will be the sacred duty of the Allies to see that Servia, like Belgium, receives all and more than all that she has lost; and in that sense the treachery of Bulgaria makes simple the task of reward and enrichment. When the time comes for a Karageorgevics prince to rule over a new Servia not unworthy to compare with the old Empire of Dushan, the Servian people, if we may judge from the splendor of their war-deeds, will be equal to their high destiny."

The Standard would probably have not been quite so optimistic had it been acquainted with the opinion of the Constantinople *Hilal*, which considers that the complete collapse of the Allies in Servia ushers in the final stage of the war which, the Stamboul organ thinks, will bring disaster to England. *The Hilal* continues:

"While the Quadruple Entente watches the complete loss of all its trump-cards, the new Quadruple Alliance has just accomplished its object—the junction of its allied armies. This junction not only makes the Alliance invincible in the Balkans, but it puts it in a position to threaten the world-power of proud Albion. England is perfectly well aware of the lot that is to be hers in the very near future. As may be seen in another column, Sir Edward Grey has declared in full Parliament that he has already had recourse to the 'last resort,' and that this has resulted in a complete fiasco. Since Grey himself admits that he has fired his last cartridge to save the situation in the Balkans, and since the war must end where it began, there can be no further doubt that we have already entered the last phase of the general war."

Some graphic accounts of experiences of American observers on both sides in this Balkan conflict will be found in our column of Personal Glimpses.



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FRENCH TROOPS DISEMBARKING AT SALONIKI.

The French and British are pouring troops into Saloniki, and it is reported that the latter have transferred to this port the veterans of the unsuccessful and abandoned attempt to force the Dardanelles. Interesting developments may be looked for in Greece.

the Allies are engaged near Saloniki. The Allies have only a single line. The enemy has complete control of his four railways. The Allies have to move everything over a section of line in Greek control."

The comforting thought that good must come from ill is held

FIGHTING IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN

THE ONE CHEERFUL SPOT in British eyes has been Mesopotamia, where for more than a year past Briton and Turk have been battling upon the legendary site of the Garden of Eden. Did things go never so badly in the Dardanelles, if the deadlock in Flanders was unbreakable, the British optimist could always derive comfort by pointing to General Nixon's brave little army and its victorious advance along the banks of the Tigris toward Bagdad, that romantic city of the "Arabian Nights." Just as the prize seems to have been within the grasp of the British, then, as the Berlin *Lokal Anzeiger* says, "something happened which has very rapidly turned the British dream of victory at Bagdad into a mere hallucination,"

masters of the Persian Gulf for 300 years. Our war-ships had sailed the Gulf in undisputed lordship for fifty years when the Turk first marched down from Bagdad and sighted its blue waters. We went to the Persian Gulf to protect our growing trade with India from attack from the sea. We stayed there because when our Indian Empire grew we quickly realized that other Powers established on the shores of the Gulf would first disturb and might eventually menace India. We sought no selfish privileges, and we held no territory, but we brooked no rival. We suppress slavery and piracy. We kept the peace and we kept all others out. We did these things for the sake of India."

This view-point has, at least, official support, for, according to the London *Standard*, Mr. Asquith told the House of Commons:

"The object of sending a force, which originally consisted of only one division (16,000 men)—the 6th—in the autumn of last year to Mesopotamia was to secure the neutrality of the Arabs, to safeguard our interests in the Persian Gulf, to protect the oil-fields, and generally to maintain the authority of our flag in the East.

"In November last General Sir Arthur Barrett, with the 16th and 18th Brigades of the 6th Division, after a pitched battle with the Turks, occupied Basra. In December a further advance was made which resulted in the capture of Kurna. . . . Two or three months later, in April, a second division was added to the force. The command was assumed by General Sir John Nixon.

"After a brilliant series of land- and river-operations the Turks were driven back, both on the Upper Euphrates and the Tigris. In July the final positions on both rivers were captured, with heavy casualties to the enemy, and General Nixon's force is now within measurable distance of Bagdad.

"I do not think that in the whole course of the war there has been a series of operations more carefully contrived, more brilliantly conducted, and with a better prospect of final success."

Mr. Asquith's satisfaction received a severe shock early in December, for on the 6th the authorities were compelled to announce that the battles fought at Ctesiphon from November 22-25 and again on December 1 had proved defeats instead of victories, and that the British forces had retired to Kut-el-

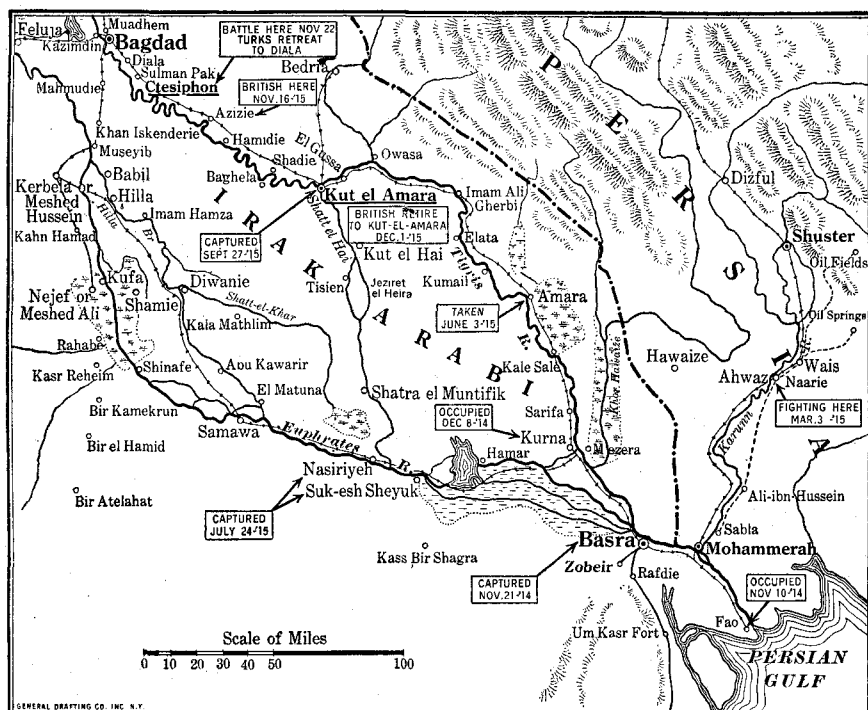
Amara. In commenting on this announcement the London *Times* is very angry with the powers-that-be and calls loudly for explanations:

"Tho we have endeavored to explain the battle of Ctesiphon, there is a good deal about the recent phases of the Bagdad advance which will require explanation from more authoritative quarters. It is important, for instance, for a true understanding of the position, to know why an attempt was apparently made to capture with a single division a city at the end of inland water-communications 600 miles in length.

"The original objects of the Mesopotamian campaign were sufficiently achieved when we secured the northern approaches to the Persian Gulf in January last, and we think the public should have some indication of our further objectives in this region. A valuable and cheering campaign has now been badly marred."

Even the Liberal papers are alarmed, and the London *Daily News* writes:

"The questions which remain to be solved as the result of this retreat are serious. There are very strong reasons for pushing the Mesopotamian campaign to a conclusion as speedily as possible. Apart from the value of the country itself, the capture of Bagdad would be an immense blow to Turkish and German influence in the East, and that is of high importance just now, especially in view of the state of affairs in Persia. On the other hand, it seems unlikely that it can be achieved without a considerably greater force than has as yet been sent out. The



THE MESOPOTAMIAN CAMPAIGN.

For thirteen months the British crept up the Tigris with never a check. After defeating the Turks at Ctesiphon and compelling them to retire to Diala, they were in their turn routed by the Turks a few days later at the same place and forced to fall back on Kut-el-Amara.

and a battle upon the classic site of Ctesiphon, at first hailed as a victory by the British press, turns out to be a defeat in which the British casualties amounted to no less than 4,567 men, or more than a quarter of the number of soldiers who originally formed the expedition.

Neither the German nor the English papers have been able to make up their minds as to what the real objective of this campaign was. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* says:

"The British operations must be viewed as of quite secondary importance for the course of the war. Their object was to join up with Russian troops advancing through Armenia, and thus to isolate eastern Turkey and Persia. But since the Russian advance through the Caucasus came to a standstill in December, 1914, this object has failed of fruition. Hence the occupation of Bagdad would have only the significance of a demonstration which might easily have just the contrary effect to what the English expect, for, since the city is sacred to all Moslems, they would unite their forces for its recapture."

Writing in the London *Daily Mail*, Mr. Lovat Frazer tells us quite a different story. He says:

"I find that many people are very puzzled about the campaign in Mesopotamia. They want to know why we British are marching on Bagdad.

"There are many contributory reasons, but the true and all-embracing reason is that we are fighting Turkey, and through her Germany, for the mastery of the Persian Gulf. We have been

Turks are evidently determined to spare no efforts to defend Bagdad. It was presumably the relaxation of the tension on the Bulgarian border which enabled them to send reinforcements; so long as that continues, there is no apparent reason why they should not send more, if necessary."

The London *Daily Mail*, which would like to see the Dardanelles abandoned, also calls for the withdrawal from Mesopotamia, urging that a decisive victory in Flanders would do more for British prestige than the capture of any number of Bagdads. It argues:

"Public opinion now recognizes the all-importance of concentration, and we have high Indian authority for the statement that a decisive success in France and Flanders would contribute most to British prestige in the East. If our armies are scattered in half a dozen different expeditions it will clearly be difficult to achieve such a victory at the vital point.

"Our aim in this war is to beat Germany and to force her to sue for peace. Under present conditions we appear to be dissipating against the Turks a great deal of the energy that should be used against the Germans."

While admitting the momentary check, the Manchester *Guardian* looks forward confidently to the capture of Harun-al-Raschid's capital:

"The capture of Bagdad would have been a great event and have made a deep impression throughout the East; failure to reach the goal and retirement for a hundred miles down the river are proportionately serious. . . . We shall, of course, go back to Bagdad. But our estimates will have to be revised, and when we return, it will be, no doubt, with an army largely reinforced, which will carry to a successful end what has been, until this unhappy reverse, a brilliant campaign."

THE NEW PAN-AMERICANISM

MILD BENEDICTIONS are uttered by the South-American press upon President Wilson's new interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine as enunciated in his message to Congress. South America is perfectly willing to adopt the slogan, "All America for Americans and all Americans for America," but she wants it distinctly understood that it must be upon the basis of a perfect equality between sister States. Leading papers, both in Chile and the Argentine, pointedly warn the United States that she must relinquish the attitude of the patronizing—but benevolent—maiden aunt which, they consider, she has been too fond of adopting in the past. This is emphasized by the Valparaiso *Mercurio*, which gives President Wilson the credit of being the first of our chief magistrates to recognize that the free and independent Republics of the South are actually out of the nursery. The *Mercurio* proceeds:

"When Theodore Roosevelt declared in Santiago in 1913 that the Monroe Doctrine had ceased to be unilateral and was a converted doctrine sustained by the United States and all the American nations, it was considered an ideality. Later, in 1915, the Chilean President adopted the same doctrine in a message to Congress, and President Wilson in his recent message confirms such a doctrine to be sustained by all the American nations.

"As far as can be remembered, never before had Presidents of the United States expressed such ideals regarding the policy of the United States toward the other American nations, and thus the South-American Republics, which considered that they had reached an advanced state of development and experience, and believed that they had a right to the respect of all nations, did not sympathize with certain attitudes of the eldest sister, which were considered to diminish their prestige.

"It is just recognized that the policy of the United States has taken a new turn for the better during the last few years toward the American nations and has tried to attract them, inspiring them with confidence, with repeated declarations of deference and recognition of equality of rights, thus helping toward a union based on the community of interests, and President Wilson's recent message is a plain confirmation of this new ideal which meets with America's sympathy."

The *Mercurio* seems to be voicing a wide-spread opinion in

the Latin Republics, for when we turn to the press of the Argentine we find a striking similarity of views and expression. For example, the Buenos Aires *Prensa*, perhaps the most important Spanish paper south of the equator, says:

"In the course of the last few years the high political tribune at Washington has become favorably inclined toward the Occidental hemisphere. Let us listen to the language of amity and



AMERICAN PREPAREDNESS.

Wilson's Army.

—Bystander (London).

solidarity, founded on mutual respect and the rights of all. Here we have already given some American personalities to understand that the Monroe Doctrine must renounce the tutelary character it assumed at first and must evolve toward Pan-Americanism."

Another influential Buenos Aires organ, *La Nacion*, besides blessing Mr. Wilson's ideas of Pan-Americanism, thinks his views on the hyphen worthy of adoption:

"It is very seldom that a President of the United States has delivered such an interesting message. Mr. Wilson expresses the true idea of Pan-Americanism, which precludes imperialism and implies a spirit of legality, of amity, and mutual service. This message bears witness to the sound tendency of the American policy. It is a document which does credit to the supreme American Magistrate and to the nation to which it is directed. Those passages in the message concerning the German-Americans who disregard their country of adoption deserve to be borne in mind in other countries where similar occurrences are possible."

La Razon, one of the anti-German journals of the Argentine capital, points to the possibilities of aggression from Europe and warmly indorses the President's attitude on preparedness:

"There are elsewhere dangers which suggest the need for neutrality and solidarity. Neutrality, however, without any provision for defense has no value. President Wilson's message sounds the alarm in order to uphold the rights of civilization."

All suspicion of the great Northern neighbor has been laid to rest by this message, says the Buenos Aires *Mañana*, which continues:

"President Wilson's message embodies a lofty conception

of American politics and bears witness to the greatest elevation of mind, because it is inspired by honesty. It is, therefore, necessary to reject all apprehension, entertained by a few, regarding the so-called North-American peril."

JAPAN'S NAVAL PLANS AND OURS

NO EXCITEMENT has been caused in Japan by Secretary Daniels's announcement of his stupendous naval program. Judging from the tone of her press, at any rate, Japan does not regard our unprecedented plan for naval expansion as a "big stick" directed against her. The Tokyo *Chugai-Shogio*, one of the leading commercial newspapers of Japan, considers our sudden awakening to our "unpreparedness" to be an outcome of the European War, and due especially to the aggressiveness of the German arms. The *Jiji-Shimpo*, another influential financial journal in Tokyo, agrees with the *Chugai-Shogio*, and says that the European catastrophe has had the effect of impressing American statesmen with the danger which an unprepared nation must face. The *Jiji* continues:

"Whatever may be the outcome of the war, it is obvious that the relations of the nations will undergo a tremendous change. The new alinement of the Powers, the foreign expansion of the victorious nations, the efforts of the defeated to gather their shattered prestige and interests—these and many other circumstances to be brought in the train of the war must inevitably affect the interests and welfare of those States that have been fortunate enough to remain out of the great conflict. And in this fresh development of world-conditions it should be the duty of all governments to see to it that their respective safety is well guaranteed. It is no wonder that the United States should embark upon an enterprise which, tho without precedent, is sufficiently justified in the light of the present war."

Then the *Jiji* significantly remarks that the "lesson which America has learned from the war is also a lesson which we should ourselves learn." This sentiment is echoed by the Tokyo *Nichi-nichi* and the Osaka *Mainichi*, which declare that Japan must expand her Navy in due proportion to her financial strength, tho she should not be so foolish as to emulate the example set by such a rich country as the United States.

An exhaustive article comparing the naval programs of Japan and the United States is also found in the *Jiji-Shimpo*. At the outset we are told that the so-called new naval program of America is not new at all, for the principle involved was adopted on October 19, 1903. But the principle has not been put into practise, thanks to the persistent opposition of Congress and the public. Coming to the relative strength of the Japanese and American navies, the writer declares that as early as 1907 the American Navy was twice as powerful as the Japanese. By 1910, we are further told, America had a fleet of war-ships three times as strong as the Mikado's fleet, for in the two years preceding the United States launched six dreadnoughts, while Japan launched only three. The writer continues:

"It was mainly due to the efforts of Mr. Roosevelt and Secretary Meyer that Congress was persuaded to appropriate larger sums for naval construction. In urging the necessity of naval expansion the American statesmen had an eye upon the German Navy. It was their desire to make the American Navy as powerful as that of the Kaiser. In their minds Japan did not figure as a rival, for the Mikado had a Navy which was too small to be considered as a competitor. Yet in spite of all the exertions of American statesmen, the American Navy was, in 1903, 60 per cent. weaker than the German Navy. . . .

"The Great War has at last sufficiently awakened the Americans to the realization of their inability to cope with such a naval Power as Germany, if they were to proceed so slowly in the matter of naval construction. The result is the adoption of a stupendous program formulated by Secretary Daniels. Should this program be adopted by Congress, the United States will in five years have a Navy three times as powerful as our own. In

other words, the United States will by 1921 possess 24 dreadnoughts, 12 battle-cruisers, and 24 light cruisers, while Japan will have only 8 dreadnoughts, 4 battle-cruisers, and 11 light cruisers. The naval standard universally recognized to be the most efficient in actual battle is a unit either of 8 dreadnoughts and 8 battle-cruisers, or of 8 dreadnoughts and 4 battle-cruisers. Evidently America intends to adopt the standard of 8 dreadnoughts and 4 battle-cruisers. If so, she will by 1921 have three units of 8 dreadnoughts and 4 battle-cruisers each, while Japan will have only one unit of the same number of vessels."

The writer then proceeds to read a lesson to Japan, and urges her to follow our example:

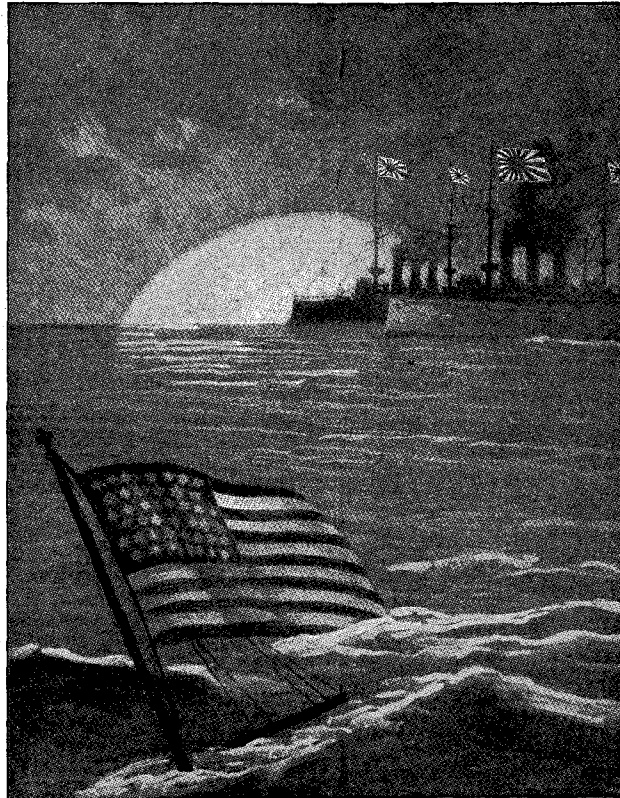
"It is regrettable that while other Powers have each been pursuing a definite naval policy, our Navy should be permitted to drift with no preconceived plan. The United States adopted as early as 1903 the principle which is the foundation of the present program. Germany adopted a naval-restitution program in 1907, Russia in 1911, France in 1912, Italy in 1910, and Austria in 1912. When at last we

awakened to our own sluggishness and decided upon a program last year, it was only on a very small scale. According to this new program of ours we are to build in the five years from 1916 to 1920 four dreadnoughts, two battle-cruisers, and six light cruisers. Including the war-ships we have at present as well as those now under construction, we shall by 1921 have only eight dreadnoughts, four battle-cruisers, and eleven light cruisers of about the same ages as those of the American Navy. This is only one-third the strength of the United States Navy. The total estimated expenditure for our program is \$85,000,000, as against the \$504,000,000 of the American program."

HOW JAPAN AIDS THE ALLIES—The Tokyo correspondent of the *Petit Parisien* recently asked the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs, Baron Ishii, what Japan was doing to help her allies. The Baron replied:

"Japan has furnished and will furnish an ample supply of arms and munitions to Russia. Two Japanese arsenals are working incessantly, producing immense quantities. Russia has no need of men, since only a third of the men mobilized are under arms. By the end of December Japan will have done much to arm the other two-thirds.

"Hitherto we have not considered the eventuality of sending an army to Europe, but, if it appeared desirable, Japan could immediately dispatch a very strong force, as she would not run the risk of a defeat."



GERMANY WARNS US.

Some day the Sun will rise over the Stars.

—© Kladderadatsch (Berlin).

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION



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PREPARING A "FORMIDABLE WEAPON OF DEFENSE."

A MARCONI WIRELESS SCHOOL, WHERE PROFESSIONAL WIRELESS OPERATORS ARE TRAINED.

WIRELESS AMATEURS TO THE RESCUE

AN ASSOCIATION of amateur wireless telegraphers, to be called "The Radio League of America," has just been formed, one of whose aims, as announced, is to aid the United States Government in defense if the country should ever be attacked. In an account of the formation of this league, given in *The Electrical Experimenter* (New York, December), it is asserted that in the great body of amateur wireless operators there exists to-day "a formidable weapon of defense which up to now has not been exploited by Uncle Sam." Scarcely a hamlet, we are told, has not several amateur wireless stations, and the number is increasing by hundreds daily. If France or Belgium had possessed such an effective amateur wireless scout service, the writer asserts, history might have read differently. He goes on:

"As the European War has so thoroughly demonstrated, quick transmission of intelligence is of paramount importance. Telegraph- and telephone-lines are put out of order with ridiculously small effort by the enemy, and whole sections of country are thereby isolated. Such sections are then helpless, and no important messages can be safely transmitted in either direction. All this helps the enemy enormously, and the thus isolated section is then entirely at his mercy. . . . In these days of fast military movements, quick reporting of war-intelligence is of incalculable importance, and if this is true of Europe it is even truer in the United States, the country of such vast and undefended coast-lines.

"One needs not be a dreamer in order to appreciate how easily a hostile fleet could approach our long, badly patrolled coasts and try a landing of an armed force. There might not be a telegraph- or telephone-line around for miles, or, if it did exist, it is certain that spies operating on land would have found little trouble in putting it out of commission beforehand.

"But there will be a lone radio amateur on the alert who has seen the approaching fleet, and within thirty seconds Washington will have the priceless intelligence. *Vice versa*, there might be a handful of poorly equipped United States militia holding the enemy at bay temporarily. It is conceivable that this small body of men might have neither sending nor receiving radio-

apparatus. Somewhere back of the hills the United States regulars are coming to the rescue of the sorely prest militiamen. They want the latter to hold out for a few short hours and want to tell them of their coming. The radio-message containing this intelligence is flashed over the hills, but is not received by the exhausted men. However, just as all hope is given up, a lad of seventeen years with streaming hair runs up to the major of the small band and breathlessly conveys the cheering news to him. He caught the message over his pitiful 30-foot aerial on top of his barn, but it saved the day. He did not even have a sending station. His outfit comprised only a cheap home-made receiving set! But it did the work, just the same.

"Such occasions are almost certain to arise in the future, and it is thus of the utmost importance that every patriotic radio amateur should offer his station to his country.

"If Uncle Sam grants the amateur the free use of the ether it is certainly up to the amateur to give something in return for the privilege. It was with this thought uppermost in his mind that Mr. Gernsback, in July, 1915, first conceived the idea of organizing the Radio League of America.

"By referring to the 1915 Government book, "Radio Stations of the United States," it will be seen that only 3,723 amateurs have been licensed since 1913. The reason for this surprisingly small registration is found in the fact that the law does not require receiving stations to be licensed, nor small sending stations located in the interior of large States, where the effect of a weak spark-coil would not extend over the State borders. Such stations are exceedingly numerous and have been estimated to run above 300,000. Now, then, there appears no reason for doubt that sooner or later the Government would pass a new law requiring the registration and licensing of such stations in order to have such stations available in case of national stress.

"No one can foretell what surprises such a new law will bring the amateurs, and for that reason it can not be denied that it is far better and more patriotic to give this necessary information voluntarily to the Government, instead of waiting till a new law is passed which might perhaps be detrimental from the view-point of the amateur."

The "Radio League's" charter, which is given in full, states

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Springfield, Missouri

that one of its primary objects is to keep available for Government use a complete list of such amateur radio-stations as will agree to give assistance in time of national danger. There are no dues. Every member pledges himself to aid the Government "in periods of war, riot, or disaster," to assist in detecting and apprehending violators of the laws governing wireless communication; never to send a misleading call, but to transmit all distress-calls to the nearest official. It is the belief of *The Electrical Experimenter*, which is to be the League's official organ,



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ONE OF OUR FUTURE "PAUL REVERES."

When wires are snipped, or where no telegraph-wires are laid, it may be this lad or one of his fellow amateur wireless operators who spreads word of the enemy's approach.

that its membership-certificate will shortly be regarded as requisite for all amateurs who wish to keep in good standing, its absence being regarded as evidence of a refusal to lend aid to the Government in time of need.

FLOORING THE SEA WITH CONCRETE—With her neighbors all flying at one another's throats, little Holland quietly keeps on with a century-old fight of her own—her struggle with Neptune. Every attempt of the ocean-monarch to occupy more of Dutch soil is met with some ingenious defensive device. The very latest is a concrete pavement laid on the bed of the sea itself. Some years ago, we are told by W. J. L. Kiehl in *The Scientific American* (New York, November 27), it was discovered on the coast of the island of Schouwen, in Zeeland, that, altho the dikes remained intact, the waters oozed up in the dike-protected polders; the sea was undermining the land, and this undermining process began far out from the coast under the waters. The water ate into the land until the dikes, having lost their foundation, toppled over. Says Mr. Kiehl:

"It was the engineer of the Department of Waterways for Schouwen, Mr. Yonk Heer (Yonk Heer is a title of nobility) de Muralt, who devised a means of defense against these inroads. He caused the sea-bottom itself, where it sloped away seaward

from the foot of the dike, to be strengthened by laying over it a flooring of concrete. Such a flooring is in reality a sort of 'mat' composed of blocks of concrete, each one meter (39.37 inches) square. Every such 'mat' weighs 200,000 kilograms (220 tons).

"It is constructed on an incline built over the water. When the 'mat' is ready an iron pontoon is drawn up just above it, and by an ingenious system of hawsers and pulleys the 'mat' of concrete is hoisted up until it rests against the bottom of the pontoon where it is fastened by means of the hawsers. A tug-boat then tows off the whole affair—pontoon and 'mat'—to the spot where it has to be sunk.

"This proved so effective, that the Netherlands Government adopted the method for all places where the coast is menaced."

LITTLE WASTES IN A BIG WAR

IN A COSMIC ENCOUNTER where every movement is a waste of the world's resources by millions, from an economic view-point, it may seem futile to insist that it would be easy to save a few hundred thousand here or there by cutting off useless metal on projectiles or altering specifications for munitions of war in some unimportant respect. When, however, such a change not only involves economy but may be the means of obviating fatal delay, the matter takes on another aspect. A writer in *The Engineering and Mining Journal* (New York, November 27), in an article entitled "Some Prodigious War-Wastes in Minor Items," tells us that in the vast amounts of supplies consumed in the European War, wastes trivial in themselves become formidable in the aggregate. He writes:

"High-explosive shells, which, according to the newspapers, are being fired at the rate of 1,000,000 a day on some of the 100-mile battle-fronts in Europe, are of forged steel, made hollow to contain the bursting charge of explosive, and the nose of the shell threaded, into which is later screwed the nose detonating fuse. Between the time the shell is completed ready for shipment and its fusing prior to the action in which it is required, this opening in the nose of the fuse is closed by a plug screwed in temporarily.

"The British have been using a brass plug for this purpose. . . . It is not possible to say just how high-grade this particular brass is, but if it conforms to specifications for other war-material it can be assumed to be of the very highest grade and therefore the most costly. When the shells are fused in the battle-area, these plugs are taken out and thrown away and are a total loss. If 1,000,000 of them were thrown away in one engagement in one day, some idea can be formed of the prodigious waste of war, so far as this item of copper and zinc is concerned. . . .

"There is no valid reason for making these temporary plugs of the most expensive material available, and evidently this has dawned upon those at the head of the munitions-manufacturing department in England, because wood plugs are now being used for this purpose in place of the more expensive metals. Recently a manufacturer of war-material was approached for a bid on a large number of these nose-plugs. His figure, scaled down to the minimum, was more than a million dollars. This price being unsatisfactory to the representative of the foreign purchaser, the bidder made an alternative figure, which was less than 1/400 of the first, if he were allowed to make the plugs out of wood. The turning of these plugs from wood and the cutting of a satisfactory thread on them is said to be one of the most difficult manufacturing details, but they are now being turned out and used and, so far as is known, with perfectly satisfactory results.

"We have it from an authoritative source that one reason why the Russian supply of ammunition was so slow in coming forward was because, prior to the exigencies of the recent campaigns, the Russian specifications required that all of their projectiles be nickel-plated, and neither the time nor the nickel was available for fulfilling these requirements on the vast number of shells that were being expended on the battle-front. Nickel-plating the projectile, of course, reduces the wind-resistance during its flight and therefore increases both its range and penetration, but with the modern grinding-machine it is probable that nickel-plating the projectile does not gain any advantage over proper grinding and polishing, which are now done so cheaply and efficiently by United States manufacturers.

"When these time-fuses, which are very delicate pieces of mechanism, are manufactured and shipped, it is necessary to

have them protected from moisture and dirt and dust. This is accomplished by covering them with a veil of tin-foil, which is wiped over the conical fuse. These veils are peeled off and thrown away when the fuse is put in the shell.

"There was in the market recently an order for 25,000,000 fuses for the Russian Government. The bidders were unable to find sufficient supplies of tin-foil, or the sources of such supply, to fill this order, and after a great deal of haggling they succeeded in getting the specifications changed, substituting for tin-foil a lead-foil tinned on both sides, and by this means succeeded in providing sources for war-material for the coverings required. This order of 25,000,000 was only a small part of the total order in hand, to be placed at that time.

"This gives another idea of the prodigious waste of the less common and semirare metals in this war, and in both cases these wastes are minor items."

THE PLUMBER'S WEALTH A MYTH

EFFORTS to rehabilitate the plumber continue with marked success. The last stronghold of popular superstition regarding this useful but maligned member of society—the idea that he uniformly enjoys great wealth accumulated by overcharges—is demolished by *Domestic Engineering* (Chicago) in a page of judicious comment upon a rather sarcastic editorial in the *Portland Oregonian* entitled "Elevating the Plumber." A benefactor of Harvard has established a series of prizes for the best annual thesis on plumbing, and this fact is regarded by the editor of *The Oregonian* as a legitimate target for journalistic wit. He pretends to regard the collegiate status of plumbing as something portentous, and remarks:

"Under the present plan our plumbing-bills arise to the full dignity of professional service; but when the transition from artizan to Doctor of Plumbing has been achieved, we shall ask for the gentle surcease of anesthesia when the bill is brought in for settlement."

After stigmatizing this as a "misguided paragraph," the editor of *Domestic Engineering* goes on to enlighten the *Portland* editor as follows:

"Perhaps under the strain of a grilling cross-examination the journalist who conceived the foregoing sentiments might meekly confess that he was only joking—just merely having a little editorial fun at the expense of the plumber. But we would be inclined to doubt this explanation when we pause to consider the veracity of the old proverb that 'Many a truth is spoken in jest,' or, as we should say in this particular case, 'Many an attempt at truth is spoken in jest.'

"Therefore, in our editorial capacity, we hereby take issue with the learned Oregon editor. We have trained our editorial howitzer upon him, and we are prepared to bombard his views with editorial shrapnel.

"We would suggest that he stroll into the reference-library of his newspaper office at Portland and take from the shelves a copy of *Dun's* or *Bradstreet's*. Upon a systematic perusal of either of these volumes he will discover, much to his surprise perhaps, that the very modest ratings of a major percentage of master-plumbers do certainly not justify the accusation that the plumber's bill is too high. On the contrary, a little journey among facts and figures may lead him to the intelligent conclusion that the plumber's bill is, after all, really too low. And now to quote another paragraph from the newspaper editorial:

"Harvard students are to enter into the subject of plumbing with considerable zest, for while the subject has not been appended to the curriculum, a generous contributor to the University has set aside a goodly sum to be awarded in annual prizes to each person bringing forward the best thesis on plumbing in any of its phases and ramifications. Without doubt the unnamed contributor is none other than the plumbing trust in disguise, and the true purpose is to get a chair of plumbing introduced anon. Then the plumber will present bills in keeping with professional standards without exciting undue criticism and comment."

"Evidently the Oregon editor never took the trouble to ascertain the real facts about the financial status of the plumber. He merely wrote the editorial upon the theory that the plumber was a rich man whose wealth had been accumulated by extortion and overcharging."

A MOVIE HINT FOR BETTER CONCRETE

A MOTION-PICTURE ANALYSIS of the flow on concrete from the mixers used in combining its elements shows that those elements are largely unmixed by the time they reach their destination, owing to the influence of gravity, under which the liquid part separates from the solid and the finer ingredients from the coarser. This is explained by Nathan C. Johnson, a consulting concrete-engineer of New York City, in *The Engineering Record* (New York, December 11). Mr.



Courtesy of "The Engineering Record," New York.

HOW FIRM ARE OUR FOUNDATIONS?

An unmagnified photograph of shrinkage cracks in badly mixed concrete—and one investigator believes better mixing is demanded.

Johnson does not say that this partial undoing of the mixer's work is producing unsafe results, but he hints it very strongly and believes that the motion-picture analysis warns us of the necessity of improving the present methods of mixing and pouring concrete.

The pictures show that a liquid runs first into the forms, carrying dirt and scum and light particles—"a poor bond," as Mr. Johnson remarks. Then—

"After this first rush of dirty fluid comes the gray of the finer cement and sand, in a sort of soup that constantly thickens with increasing quantities of coarser cement and sand as the pouring goes on. Next come the heavier sand and finer stone, sometimes washed nearly clean of cement; and at the bottom of the barrow lies the heavier stone, which, refusing to flow, has to be scraped out with shovels. All this is done in a few seconds—not more than a minute after the mixture was delivered by the mixer, for the cost of placing must be kept low—yet the materials have become almost completely separated. A little more time, as in a longer haul to the forms, and this separation, or 'segregation,' might be complete.

"But what of the mass in the forms? How does it lie—in layers, as it went down? What of its endurance? And what of its strength? Is careful design useless? Or is the concrete being used in such bulk, regardless of initial cost or actual possibilities, that nothing would matter, save almost total lack of cement? The answer is that, consciously or unconsciously,

'Everybody's Doing It,' and is 'getting away with it'; and if Luck turns thumbs down, and if something happens in the far-off Future, there are so many inanimate things that can be blamed when the time comes that the risk is held to be negligible and unworthy of consideration compared to present profits.

"If the practises illustrated above occurred only in isolated and infrequent instances they would have little bearing on the general quality and endurance of concretes. Unfortunately, however, they are all too prevalent; and altho their impropriety is recognized when pointed out, they are yet of general daily occurrence and will continue so until more general understanding is had of their economic fallacy. When this understanding becomes general, such procedure in the manufacture and placing of concrete will be no more tolerated by owner, engineer, or contractor than would the distribution of fire-producing chemicals throughout the structure of an inflammable building. Under certain favorable conditions the two might prove equally potent for trouble and damage.

"The ultimate loss falls on the owner. Cement is a wonderful servant, standing much abuse. Trouble will probably be some time in coming and by then the contractor will be paid and away. Nor has there been any moral obtuseness on the part of the latter. He has done his work probably as well as he knew how, in full accordance with average practise, and as carefully as his bid rate-per-yard has permitted with the making of a reasonable and fair profit.

"Obviously, the remedy lies first of all in better understanding of concretes, not on the part of those whose knowledge is beyond question, but on the part of the great army of every-day workers, on whom dependence must so largely rest. If improved methods of mixing can be produced which will secure better results without increased cost, the problem is much simplified, but if this can not be accomplished, there will have to be an economic readjustment all along the line, with the securing of better-quality concrete and a proportionate recompense to the owner in the quality and endurance of the structure he has purchased."

WOMEN WORKERS ON FRENCH RAILWAYS

MORE than 25,000 women are now working satisfactorily on railways in France, as porters, cleaners, conductors, or agents. This is due to the war, of course, but it may indicate a coming industrial change of great consequence. In many ways the women are an improvement over the men. Many will hold their jobs after the men return, and the war may thus cause the invasion of an absolutely new industrial field by women workers. Walter S. Hiatt, special European correspondent of *The Railway Age Gazette* (New York, November 19), writes to that paper that the women are more efficient cleaners; they are also more cheerful and courteous. They are especially adapted to the lighter forms of work and those involving contact with the public. Mr. Hiatt reports a conversation with a foreman as follows:

"Those women really clean cars," he said; and to prove his statement, he took me to some cars then in the hands of the women cleaners. The latter were not in uniform. Their hands and faces were quite clean and bore none of the traces of soot and grime familiar to the man cleaner. Those on the outside of the cars, armed with buckets of water and squeegees, were grooming them down, making the paint shine as if the cars belonged to the train of the President of the Republic. 'Look how that brass work shines,' continued the foreman. 'Never have I been able to get men to polish it so. The only difficulty with the women is that they can't do the outside work very quickly, as it tires them to lift their arms.'

"The insides of the cars, whether first-, second-, or third-class, were clean and neat as new pins. The windows shone like those of a London haberdasher. There was not a spot of grease or coal-dust on the tan-brown cloth cushions. The lace curtains placed over the cushions to protect them from wear were newly laundered and looked as sweet as those of a parlor. The linoleum floors were as spotless as a Holland kitchen floor. I was surprised, because French trains used to be very dirty. Surely war has some compensations!

"There are only two objections I have found with women for railroad-work. One is that they can't do much overhead work.'

"And the other?" I asked.

"Would you believe it," said the foreman: 'they're not afraid of trains? I can't get it into their heads that a train in motion is a dangerous thing to the most experienced railroad man. However, they are so cool in their ways that so far there have been no accidents.'

"On the whole, then, they are quite efficient?" I asked.

"Indeed, there is no grumbling or back-talk from them ever. They do what they are told to the best of their ability. Besides, they neither drink nor steal."

Mr. Hiatt reports that in the yards of one railway the women had worked so well that the stronger and more capable had been promoted to the cleaning of locomotives. Since these women had been employed the engineers had been satisfied, for the first time perhaps since the war began. Says Mr. Hiatt:

"I watched the women at work. They were clambering over the engine, oiling it, rubbing it down, in a matter-of-fact manner, much as if they were scouring their kitchen floors, handling their oil-cans and cotton-waste with surprising ease."

Equally satisfactory results are said to have been obtained on the Metropolitan Company's subway-lines in Paris. The chief of personnel told Mr. Hiatt that he was more than satisfied with his new women employees. For one thing, said this official—

"There had been so many complaints about the untidy condition of the platforms that some months ago I replaced seventy-five men by as many women, and since then there has been an astonishing improvement. Where the men left dust and papers in every corner, and failed to mop the concrete, leaving it sticky, slippery, and alive with dirt, women have so cleaned the platforms that they look each day as clean as the day they were laid."

When it comes to positions where the public must be dealt with, the women are showing up even more remarkably, according to Mr. Hiatt. We read:

"Fine lessons in courtesy to the public are being given just now all over France by these women railway employees to an extent that is notable even in a country that prides itself on the politeness of all of its people, rich and poor.

"Consider the women of the Paris Metropolitan. First, and despite their newness to their work, they are thoroughly efficient in answering questions regarding directions. Any subway, because of its winding underground passages and blinding lights, is confusing except to the habitual user. Paris just now is full of strangers, crippled and wounded French soldiers, soldiers on leave from the front, refugees, and people who do not know their way about, and these women ticket-sellers and ticket-punchers show a surprising quickness in setting the stranger aright and doing so patiently and politely. This subway cuts under Paris in a dozen different directions; it has no less than 200 stations, no less than 50 transfer-stations, and at that I have never seen a stranger fail to secure proper information or to secure this information promptly and courteously.

"It must not be inferred that Paris is not crowded in war-time, that it has not its rush hours like New York or Chicago, or that these women are not sometimes sorely tried in their duties. It is true that the Paris crowd of war-time is a quieter and more preoccupied crowd than the lively crowd of peace; universal suffering has tamed it, saddened it, and made it forbearing. For all this, there are periods during its rush hours when every one is scrambling to get to or from work, or when crowds troop along at a Brooklyn-Bridge rate and are impatient at delays.

"For instance, the station at the Place de l'Opéra is mobbed every evening toward six o'clock, and there a few months ago I noted the disputes that arose between the patrons and one of the men ticket-punchers whose duty it was to close a wicket to the platform before the train went on its way. This man, who was mobilized and therefore empowered to arrest turbulent passengers, was frequently nagged by people who arrived just as he was closing the wicket barring entrance to the platform. Later he was replaced by a woman, and either because of the subtle influence a woman exerts because she is a woman or because of her defensive smile as she barred the way in the course of her duty, those disputes have ceased. So much for the heart of Paris.

"In the populous suburbs toward St. Denis and Pantin, where the very poor people live and work, the tramways are more commonly used. Disputes between men car-conductors and



IS THIS AN EXAMPLE OF USELESS LEARNING?

Will the work of these amateur scientists "awaken interest that will continue when school-days are over," or are they wasting precious time?

men passengers were formerly rather frequent, but now they have materially decreased because of the magic smile of the woman conductors."

The expansion of woman's work on French railways has, we are told, "been so rapid that the French public does not realize its extent." There are said to be fully 25,000 women doing the work of conductors, guards, station-masters, porters, clerks, and cleaners, "and each month sees this number increase." Months ago, we read further,

"The telephone service was turned over to the women, and but recently the railway telegraph-lines in the Paris station of the Paris-Lyon-Méditerranée railway began to be operated by women. In the south of France, on the Southern Railway, women have replaced men as porters and freight-handlers in large numbers.

"On the State Railways alone, but one of the six great systems of France, more than 5,000 women are already employed, and they are on an equal footing with the men."

HOW NOT TO TEACH SCIENCE

WE DO NOT TEACH GEOGRAPHY on the supposition that we are training the pupils for exploration, or history for the purpose of turning out expert historical investigators. And yet our modern instruction in science seems to proceed on the assumption that the learner is to engage in some form of research. At least one authority in science, the journal *Nature* (London), proclaims that this is all wrong. In a leading editorial, under the heading "Science for All," it holds this faulty method responsible for the slight attention given to science both in education and in the public mind. As a matter of fact, no one can be regarded as educated, in the modern sense, unless he is "made acquainted with appropriate outlines of scientific work and thought." This, the writer holds, does not mean training in laboratory-methods. He says:

"It may be doubted whether the methods now followed in the teaching of scientific subjects in schools are as effective in creating or fostering interest in science as those formerly adopted. Twenty years ago or so, much more attention was given to the attractive side of science than is now the case. Pupils were shown interesting experiments or were encouraged to read about remarkable facts and phenomena in nature; and if they took a practical course they were able to cover a fairly wide field. In physics, for example, a student could learn something about the whole elementary range—mechanics, heat, sound, light, electricity, and magnetism; in chemistry he would see many striking changes and effects, such as impress themselves upon the youthful

mind; in natural science he would be told many wonderful facts about birds and beasts and other objects—animate and inanimate—in the world of nature.

"No comprehensive survey of this kind is possible under existing conditions of science-teaching in schools. In physics few students get beyond a course of work in mechanics and heat, and they leave school without receiving any instruction in other branches of the subject; their practical chemistry is frequently limited to manipulations and a study of air and water; and work in nature-study means mainly the observation of a few facts of plant-physiology or of animal development and habits."

Personal observation, intelligent inquiry, quantitative test, are, of course, essential factors of scientific method, but the writer believes that to insist upon them to the exclusion of other elements is a mistake. The limited time given to science in schools renders true research impracticable. Rarely is a pupil capable of initiating an experiment or of arriving at a law or principle from his own practical work. We should not try, therefore, to teach experimental methods when the wonders of the fields beyond are kept outside the range of vision. We read further:

"School science as at present taught, and as defined by examination syllabi, seems to proceed on the assumption that every pupil is to become a skilful experimenter, or an original investigator, in the realms of Nature. Courses of laboratory-work designed with this intention may not unfairly be compared with the test-tubing of former times, which aimed at making every boy an analytical chemist.

"The practical work now done is certainly more valuable as a means of scientific training than it used to be, but it may be doubted whether by such exercises science can claim a prominent place in the curriculum. Modern life requires that the elements of scientific method and knowledge should form part of every educational course. School-work should not be concerned in training experts in science, any more than specialists in classics, but with imparting the rudiments of a liberal education to all pupils so as to awaken interest which will continue when school-days are over.

"That is the standard—abiding interest—by which successful teaching may be judged; and we are disposed to think that the descriptive and qualitative school science of a generation or two ago was better adapted to promote such continued attention than is the quantitative work in the narrow fields mapped out for instruction to-day.

"In their anxiety to impress pupils with a sense of scientific accuracy and cautious conclusion, advocates of the methods now in vogue have forgotten that it is even more important to present a view of science which shall be human as well as precise. To the general neglect of this aspect of scientific study, which appeals to all, must be ascribed the fact that science has lost much of its former popularity, and has become a task in which only a favored few can hope to excel."

LETTERS - AND - ART

STEVENSON'S PIRATES LIT UP BY FOOTLIGHTS

"TREASURE ISLAND," after several attempts, has finally found itself lit up by footlights. The version which, on "second-thought" reflections by the New York Times critic, may be called a success, is the work of Jules Eckert Goodman. This careful critic will not call the play, now shown at the little Punch and Judy Theater, a perfect thing.

The critic mentions a "legend," that may even be a record, that Stevenson himself had some scheme for making a play of "Treasure Island."

"He turned his hand to plays more than once, and dreamed others he never wrote, such as a dramatization, for instance, of the tantalizing 'Great Expectations.' Certainly the boy for whom its first chapters were written, Lloyd Osbourne, 'the American gentleman in accordance with whose classic taste' the narrative was put on paper, did later join with his nephew, Austin Strong, in making a dramatization, but this seems not to have reached the stage. Then, some ten years ago, a 'Treasure Island' play by Elmer Vance was tried by a Brooklyn stock company and apparently found wanting. It was evidently not for want of love-interest, for in that case a hitherto unsuspected daughter of the doctor's—or was she a Trevelyan?—was bodily created for the purpose. But, save for poor Mrs. Aukins, all-of-a-tremble, there was no woman in the story—young Osbourne's orders, by the way—and there is none in the play at the Punch and Judy. Which will probably afflict none of the boys innumerable who are sure to be taken there in this holiday season by dad or by big brother or even by some sour uncle with the kind of heart Mr. Adams describes as 'not to be opened till Christmas.'"



BEFORE THE HISPANIOLA SAILS.

One-legged Long John Silver with his parrakeet Cap'n Flint stands by the gang-plank counting the crew who are to embark on the hunt for treasure on the summit of Spy-glass Mountain.

But it is "admirably played," we are told, and "the flavor, the color, the spirit of the book" are "caught and preserved" to a "notable degree." "Treasure Island" brought to Stevenson "the first cheering warmth of popular favor," and this play is doing something of the same sort for the little theater now in its second season. The dramatization has made use of all the Stevenson language that could be laid hold of, and no liberties at all are taken:

"It is an appreciative dramatization, made, you fancy, with something of that infinite relish with which Stevenson himself wrote down this immortal story of the Spanish Main. It is John Silver to the life that walks the Bristol Quay; Long John, short of toes, soft of speech, and hard of heart, with Cap'n Flint on his shoulder and dead men hung about his neck like millstones. It is old Pew to the life that comes a-tap-tap-tapping to the inn, the sinister, sightless pirate with evil in his soul and the dread black spot in his powerful hand. The rum-glasses clink and the cutlasses clank in the flickering firelight, while the warning whistles in the fog outside the 'Admiral Benbow' seem but ghostly echoes of that mournful refrain:

Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

"Echoes which Stevenson, you feel sure, would have heard with the deepest delight."

There are all too few "boys' own plays," for articles so labeled usually come from those who think they ought to know what such animals like. Stevenson himself was only half right on this point, as the following quotation shows. One is never sure how much of the life-lease of a successful "boy's" book or play comes from the old ones. This writer goes over the whole problem:

"Boys, then, will enjoy the new play at the Punch and Judy, yet the story is no more a book for boys than 'The Little White Bird' is a book for children. 'Treasure Island' is no more a play for youngsters than is 'Peter Pan.' The six-year-old has a good time at the Barrie fantasy—which, thanks be, will be here for Christmas—but its tremendous appeal is more apt to reach some outwardly ferocious corporation lawyer, or say some rum-soaked fellow who has strayed far from the kindred points of heaven and home and hears the play a-calling him.

"Probably it was the mere momentum of tradition which made this reviewer of dramatic entertainment at first refer to 'Treasure Island' as 'beloved by boys the world over.' But is that quite true? As a matter of second thoughts, do the library statistics show that Stevenson's story of the Spanish Main is the greater favorite with the junior members? It seems ever so doubtful.

"The notion that boys ought to like 'Treasure Island' was

born with the story. It echoes warningly in the prolog Dr. Livsey now speaks before the curtain:

If sailor tales to sailor tunes,
Storm and adventure, heat and cold;
If schooners, islands, and maroons
And Buccaneers and buried Gold,
And all the old romance, retold
Exactly in the ancient way,
Can please, as me they pleased of old,
The wiser youngsters of to-day:—
So be it, and fall on!

"Stevenson put it more bluntly in a letter written when the story was just taking form, a letter to Henley, who, by the way, was paid the dubious compliment of being used fancifully as a lay-figure for the portrait of *Long John*.

"If this don't fetch the kids," Stevenson wrote, 'why, they have gone rotten since my day.'

"And what else, pray, did Brother Darnton mean when he wrote in *The Evening World* the day after the Punch and Judy première: 'Every boy worth his salt will want to see it'?"

"Now let's admit that the preeminent appeal of 'Treasure Island' is to the seasoned mind and may be traced direct to its amazing quality as a literary *tour de force*. 'It is,' the author himself would say, 'my kind of picturesque.' The story was sold, half written, to *Young Folks*, but it was never really meant for young folk. Granted that it was told, or rather begun, to amuse a twelve-year-old boy confined in the cottage at Braemar by the dismal Scotch weather, you may make your 'Affy Davy' it was not enjoyed by Lloyd Osbourne half so much as it was enjoyed by the author himself, and when it was read aloud the

most genuine response of all seems to have come not from Stevenson's son, but from Stevenson's father. You may glean that much in Mrs. Stevenson's own account of those first readings of what was then called 'The Sea Cook.'

"My father-in-law would sit entranced during our daily chapter, his noble head bent forward, his great glowing eyes fixt on his son's face. Every incident of the story could be read in his changing countenance. At any slip in style, or taste, or judgment, he would perceptibly wince."

"No, 'Treasure Island,' the story, is not preeminently for youngsters. It is no story of adventure to be lived, but rather one to be told with conscious pleasure before a deliberately staged fireplace. It is Stevenson, the man and artist, at play, a brother, if you will, to Mr. Wells on the floor with the child's war-game, to Barrie a-dreaming in Kensington Gardens, to the old man beaming at Barnum and Bailey's."

"'Treasure Island,' the play, is in four acts. The first two are, in writing, staging, and playing, quite all that you could ask. . . . Act I., bless it, is at the Inn. Act II. is on the quay at Bristol, hard by the Spy-glass Inn. But Act III. is in four places, and Act IV. is in three, and the effect is disastrous. It seems as if the third could lose a setting—the second one—without being the worse: it is certain Act IV. would be the more impressive if, as it easily might be, it were played all on the summit of Spy-glass Mountain. Possibly this skipping about is due in part to the too faithful devotion to the detail of the narrative. Then perhaps Mr. Hopkins, gloating pardonably over the good-looking sets provided, could bear to part with none—like the bride who struggles vainly with the temptation to put all fourteen of her bonbon-dishes on the tea-table at once."

TEACHING THE WAR IN LONDON SCHOOLS

LORD SYDENHAM recently exprest in the House of Lords the fear that the children in the elementary schools of London were not being so adequately instructed in the progress and lessons of the war as they ought to be, so *The Pall Mall Gazette* immediately sets out to disprove the imputation. Since the very beginning, it shows, the children have "received a measure of instruction in matters appertaining to the war that is astonishing." One head master ventures to assure this paper's representative that "the senior classes in any school in London would display a more accurate knowledge of the geography,



A GRUESOME MOMENT.

When the gold-digging turns up a skeleton on Spy-glass Mountain. A scene in the fourth act of the play-version of "Treasure Island," now at the Punch and Judy Theater.

progress, and lessons of the war than ninety-five out of every hundred average adults." Charts are used almost daily to teach the current events of the struggle, and the children have had to write essays to prove their understanding of the subject. "Some of these essays," we are told, "display an insight and a knowledge which reflect not only the highest credit on their instructors, but on the children themselves." It is said:

"The children are deeply interested in everything connected with the war. How can it be otherwise? There are old boys at the front, there are girl scholars of a couple of years ago with the armies as nurses, and the children themselves have fathers, brothers, and other relatives fighting."

"The history lessons are on the history of the war and the European situation immediately before the outbreak; our geography lessons cover the area of hostilities and probable hostilities; and we succeed, I think, in instilling into the minds of girls and boys alike a high spirit of patriotism. Even the singing-lessons are taken advantage of to teach the national anthems and hymns of our Allies."

Nor is that all:

"At many schools there are collections at regular intervals for some war-object which has been explained in the classrooms. The head master was to-day sending off to an old boy in the firing-line a gift to which every child had contributed his or her mite. At Archbishop Tenison's Grammar School over £20 has been collected in halfpennies alone."

"The girls are as enthusiastic as the boys, and are never weary

of lessons on the war and its many aspects. The boys want to be soldiers, and the girls want to knit or sew or bake for the soldiers. Victory or defeat? is a question never raised. No English boy or girl has been allowed to think of anything but ultimate triumph and the establishment of an era of peace throughout Europe and the world.

"Lord Selborne's remark that 'in some form or other the war has thoroughly permeated the elementary education of the country, and the causes of the war have been most thoroughly explained to the children all over the land,' is amply warranted.

"This I would like to say," a head mistress remarked, "that we teach no hatred of our enemies, such as we learn the Germans do. The children know it is the militarism of Germany that must be crushed, and it is pity more than anything else that the children feel for our enemies."

"SUSPECTED STATUES" IN PARIS

WAR HAS ITS PUERILITIES no less than its horrors, and among the former is classed the outcry raised by certain Paris journals against the statues that stand above the entrance of the Northern Station in that city and were until lately inscribed as representing the German cities Berlin, Frankfort, and Cologne. Why should a French railway publicly honor enemy cities, was asked angrily. These names, only too well known, inspire just horror in these days, exclaim the protesting journals, which suggest that as soon as convenient they should be replaced with those of cities that command French sympathy. Marseilles, Toulouse, and Havre are mentioned, and also Rome, Florence, and Venice. Let us celebrate our own good old towns or those that are the glory of the lands that are our friends and allies, said the objectors, while for German cities we shall reserve only our contempt. The railing rebuke to which these Paris journals are subjected comes from no less an authority than their official contemporary, the *Temps*, which can understand their feelings of resentment toward Germany, but balks at such an expression of it on the grounds of common sense, proper spirit, and good taste. Indeed, the *Temps* can not refrain from smiling at the notion that every name or mark of direction in a city should be a symbol of homage or gratitude. It reminds its contemporaries that when certain local officials proposed to change the names of sundry streets and to rechristen them in conformity with France's alliances and friendships, they were admonished that the Paris street directory is not a high-school roll of honor. No more is the time-table of a railroad, this journal observes, and adds:

"However well founded be our indignation against the crimes of Germany, in this matter there is no question of what we think of Berlin, Frankfort, Cologne, and their inhabitants, but of what regions of Europe are reached by the Northern Railway. No German atrocity can remove Berlin, Frankfort, and Cologne from one of these regions; and the presence of the reviled statues on the façade of the station had no other significance. Personally we infinitely prefer the humblest French or Ally town to the proudest of Teuton capitals, but that is no reason why we should send travelers astray by decorating the Northern Station with figures and inscriptions suitable to the Lyons Station or the Montparnasse Station. Shall we rise in rebellion against geography? Or if we affect to ignore it, do we think that will change the lie of the land?"

When we read that the map of Europe is to be made over, the *Temps* recalls, we must know that reference is had only to political arrangements. While it is possible to change the distribution of provinces among the various States, and even to suppress some of the latter entirely, it is not possible to abolish or displace actual territory. No power in the world can alter the points of the compass. So altho the German Empire may be wholly dismembered and struck from the list of nations, as long as a cosmic cataclysm does not thrust Germany itself into some unimaginable abyss and replace it with a new ocean, Germany will incontestably lie toward the north and trains for this direction will

leave from the Northern Station. What can't be cured must be endured, suggests the *Temps*, and adds:

"By way of conciliation, the railway company has taken off the names of the reprehensible cities. The statues, merely ideal figures that might typify anything, remain. No inconvenience can result from this action as long as railway-connections between Paris and Berlin, Frankfort and Cologne are suspended. But when the day comes that our armies shall camp in one of these hated cities or in the environs, it will be no bad idea to restore the inscriptions to the statues if only for the convenience of our officers and men on their way to rejoin their regiments. Meanwhile we shall be acting sensibly if we eschew similar puerilities, which do not in the least hasten forward conclusive victory. Let us in all things and always have the proper spirit and unflinching taste."

Such efforts at readjustment of artistic allegiance are to be found in most of the warring countries. Not long since we showed our readers a picture of the statue of Dante that had fallen beneath Austrian wrath in Trent. Recent dispatches report the Italians of a frontier town hacking the name of Maximilian off a statue and substituting Christopher Columbus. Their feeling for art does not permit the destruction of the statue; and they go on contentedly celebrating another hero.

KONSTANTIN ROMANOF—PRINCE AND POET

RUSSIA has opened many gates of knowledge to us since the war began; one of the least expected is perhaps that a man may be a grand duke and also a poet. Constantine Constantinovich Romanof, uncle of the present Czar, was such a one. He was of course much more besides, for people of such exalted rank owe many duties to the State. This Grand Duke was president of the Russian Academy of Arts and Sciences; inspector-general of the Military Schools; endower of schools, museums, and libraries, patron of art, literature, and science; a pianist of considerable skill, and "owner of the city of Pavlovsk, which for a time boasted of being the only 'dry' city in Russia." This lover of the things of the mind has not survived the ills of the war. Mourning for the loss of his son and son-in-law in battle, he died on June 2 "amid scenes which he himself appears to have foreseen." So writes a Russian, Leo Pasvolosky, in *Harper's Weekly*, and quotes the poem that the Grand Duke wrote in anticipation of his end:

I dreamed that the red dawn was breaking,
That birds were again on the wing,
That flocks of dear songsters, awaking,
To grim, gloomy nature were taking
The news of the coming of spring.

Forgotten are cold winter snows;
The streams break their bounds of clear ice;
The birch-tree is quickened; the rose
With fragrance and radiance glows;
A warm breeze is sweeping the skies.

It was but a dream, short and fleeting,
A phantom, that dreams only hold.
Ah, no! still the sun sends no greeting
Of warmth to the world that is meeting
But blasts, snow and ice, bleak and cold.

Far greater than ever my yearning,
My soul-strings with eagerness ring
With longing; the memories returning
To thy sweet caresses are turning,
O Spring, O my dear, golden Spring!

His poetic talent, says this writer, if not of the first order, was at least rare in many respects, especially in these days. "A devotee of nature, whose beauties aroused him almost to a religious ecstasy, he was a disciple of the doctrine of pure love." "Simplicity, purity, and beauty—these three cardinal qualities seemed to have formed the key-note of his poetical activity." We read further:

"To those accustomed to group judgments, the mere fact that

the Grand Duke was a Romanof precludes the possibility of his being sincere in the walk of life which he followed. To them it seems an incontrovertible fact that environment inexorably molds a man's character, and that a Romanof should be judged merely by his name. Even highly educated and intelligent men often fall into this habit of group judgment, which seems to simplify for them the task of forming opinions. But oftentimes it proves entirely inadequate, for it fails to take into account the fact that men are individuals as well as group units.

"Let us study the poetry of K. R. in the hope of ascertaining the individual worth of the poet-prince. All of the poems of Constantine Constantino-vich were signed with his initials (Konstantine, in Russian spelled with a 'K,' Romanof), and at first aroused much speculation as to their authorship.

"Throughout the whole range of Constantine's poetry there is only one place in which he speaks of himself as a prince. But he does this rather to renounce any claim to greatness on this account alone, and, at the same time, to state his aim in life. This aim he followed as faithfully as circumstances permitted.

"At the age of twenty-five K. R. wrote these lines:

A favorite of fortune I . . . From
cradle even
Rank, honor, wealth, and this
my high estate,
Have drawn me to the highest man
is given;
My very birth called on me to be
great.
But what is all this wealth of gold
and power?
Will not that same impassionate,
grim bower
Of earth hide from us all this
worthless glimmer?
Will not this pomp, so like the
passing flower,
Depart and disappear like sunlit
water's shimmer?
There is a gift, a Heaven-sent gift
divine,
A gift I prize far higher than the
rest,
No other treasure, glorious and fine,
Will ever be so dear to me, so
blest;—
It is my song.
Let not the fact that blood of Czars
is in me,

That my high rank is other ranks above,
That I am sprung of princes, win me
The Russian people's confidence and love.
Nay, let it come when they will understand
That lofty Russian song I'll ne'er discard,
That I will, for the fame of my dear land,
Follow the sacred calling of a bard.

Constantine's view of the world was deeply tinged with a profound religious feeling that at times reached the heights of ecstasy—"the feeling that must have overwhelmed the early Christians."

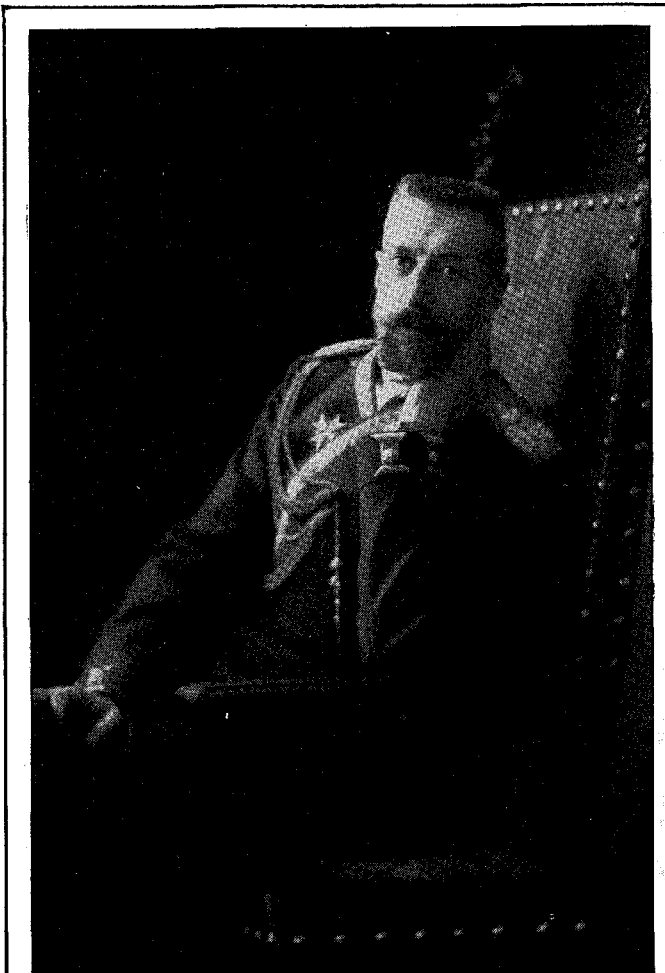
"The poet is in harmony with the whole universe, in perfect accord with his own conception of divinity. His natural longing is to love beauty wherever he finds it, to preserve this love of the beautiful even beyond the bounds of life. He can not conceive of death as the end of all existence and offers a characteristic 'human' argument for immortality:

And there, again reopened,
Will eyes be blank and blind?
And ears forever deaf?
And will our spirit, once again set free,
Lose all remembrance of the recent past,
There in the darkness of the grave?
Is't possible that Raffael, when awakened,

Will his Madonna have forgotten quite?
That Shakespeare thinks of *Hamlet* there no more?
And Mozart loves no more his Requiem?

"He can not believe that the productions of genius, exprest with such commanding clearness and beauty, can possibly last but the temporal existence. On the contrary, his faith is unshaken that even after death

We'll live again through all things beautiful,
Leaving the earth that erstwhile we had trod.
They can not be forgotten! Passionless and pure
Our love for them will merge us with our God.



THE CZAR'S UNCLE.

Who wrote verse, played the piano, and preferred the arts of peace; but the war has been his grave—Constantine.

"The poet adores beauty, but perhaps even more sincere is his devotion to Love, the pure, gentle love of the true, poetic idealism. Love and purity merge together in his thoughts, merge into a poetic sermon of true Christianity. He teaches us that love, even when unrequited, is the cardinal virtue of life:

Let thy love be endless, holy;
Love with all thy heart and soul,
Even when no warm responses
From all others' heart-strings roll.

"The poet ardently desires the good to rule the world. Yet his character is not of the aggressive kind, eager to take an active part in bringing about the desired blessing. He can only love and radiate around him the warm rays of his tenderness. It is this bright love that 'the giant Tolstoy and the talented young Nadson poured into the world.' The poet's love is really universal. He loves everything and everybody. He turns to his God with the following ardent appeal:

Teach me, my Lord, how to love
thee,
With every dear thought thee to
greet,
That my soul to thy love I surrender
All my life and my heart's every
beat.

"And he loves his native land, too; loves it with all ardor and devotion. He is in Italy, amid the beauty so dear to his heart—the wondrous

Sicilian skies, the divinely beautiful Venice, and the mighty Vesuvius. And yet he yearns for his native North:

But I to the North, far and gloomy,
So gloomy, yet eagerly sought
And ardently loved from my childhood,
Am drawn by my soul and my thought.
There, there, where no myrtle is blooming,
Where the tall, stately fir stand alone,
Where, washing the gray, craggy granite,
The Baltic roars angry and lone.

"He loves the raw recruit, who comes to the company under his command, passes through the routine life of the army, and disappears once more into the ocean of life. He addresses to him one of the most touching of his sonnets, undoubtedly the best of the series devoted to his military life.

"But still the picture of our poet is not complete. We have found in him esthetic sensitiveness, feeling for beauty, universal, all-embracing love. There is one thing more—simplicity. And his simplicity is that of nature—of fragrant flowers, babbling brooks, chirping birds, whispering forests.

"He wants to give his friend a birthday present, and he, who is rolling in wealth, looks for an appropriate token of his friendship not among the conventional treasures of man, but among the inexhaustive wealth of nature:

For your birthday I'll bring you these flowers,
These clear, fragrant flowers of the spring."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

A NEW SENSE OF INTERNATIONAL DUTY

A SIGN that seems to an editorial writer of the New York *Evening Post* to show that the end of the war is in sight is "the growing frequency with which people are beginning to speak of the aftermath of the war." No longer are they discussing who started the war, but what the world will be like after it. Prof. Josiah Royce, of Harvard, thinks that we may look forward with strong assurance to two results in which all philosophers will be interested. "The tragedies

nations.' We owe this duty, because if each nation has its own life, and its own irrevocable past, it does unwisely if it so acts that afterward, if wise, it must regret its past, and must repudiate the principles which have thus far guided its course of action. . . .

"But not only the tragedies of our times may teach us new lessons as to what international duty is, the deeds of our times include acts which give us new examples never known before of how a nation, facing a great crisis, can be guided mainly or solely by the idea of duty—that is, of its duty as a nation to other nations and to mankind. Emerson's classic word about how Duty speaks to the Youth is in the minds of all of you. Emerson wrote that word, addressing it to the generation of youth to which belonged the heroes whose names are now written on the tablets of Memorial Hall—

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So close is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'
The Youth replies, 'I can.'

"Emerson found this divine efficacy of the voice of duty, when it spoke to the heroic youth of our Civil War, something miraculous.

"It is a most hopeful sign that in our day, and during the present war, there was a moment when the voice of duty spoke low, but with divine power, not merely to an individual, or to any mere collection or mass of individuals, but to a nation, to a nation heroic and noble beyond the measure of what the wit of man has heretofore viewed as possible.

"In the autumn of 1914 'so nigh was grandeur to our dust, so close was God to man,' that when Duty whispered low, 'Thou must,' that hero nation, Belgium, replied, 'I can,' and so, in Emerson's words, was nerved 'to hazard all in freedom's fight'—a fight not only for the life of a nation, but for the life of humanity. Thus a nation has appeared, as perhaps never before, in the light of a suffering servant of the Lord among the nations."

Professor Royce draws an example from the transformation of South-American society since 1890 as "the best ground of our hope that out of the present crisis we are to be led nearer toward the goal that the great community of mankind is consciously or unconsciously seeking to attain":

"About a quarter of a century ago South America was passing through that series of international conflicts and of internal revolutionary struggle, one phase of which culminated in those troubles of the Argentine Republic which led in Europe to the failure of the Barings. We in the United States, nearly all of us, believed at that time that there was little hope of seeing the republics of South America reach any position in which international peace, so far as the mutual relations of those republics were concerned, could become more frequent or more stable. Most of us supposed that those republics were thenceforth doomed to a series of wars and revolutions whose end was not definable and not to be hoped for.

"But of late years, when in various voyages in tropical waters I have chanced to meet ambitious, vigorous, and reasonably well-cultivated young South-Americans, representatives sometimes of commercial firms, interested sometimes in engineering and sometimes in social problems, I have heard from such young men (especially in case they were Peruvians, or Chileans, or citizens of Argentina) comments whose tone was both clear and confident. Such men like to say that civilization now finds its most secure home in the southern republics of South America, where international peace and the avoidance of revolution are rapidly coming to be used as normal and natural events, expressing not only what humanity needs, but what civilized humanity is henceforth normally to get.

"The opinion of such young South-Americans is sometimes



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FROM WAR TO PEACE.

A Red Cross nurse forgetting the horrors for the time.

of this war will arouse a new international conscience, a new sense that a nation has a duty as much as a man." However the present war ends, he declares, it will "teach the nations, and, as far as possible, humanity at large, to take a new interest in the ancient ethical idea of duty, and to get a new insight into what the meaning of that idea of duty is." The words of Professor Royce, published in the New York *Times*, were uttered at a gathering of teachers of philosophy at Harvard in honor of Prof. Maurice de Wulf, of the University of Louvain. He said further:

"For some reason until recently the nations have not been guided, in their dealings with one another, by the idea of duty. Sometimes the nations have been fond of each other. Sometimes they have quarreled. But to do their duty as nations to one another, and to humanity, has heretofore been little of their concern. Therefore, as I strongly hope, this war, by the very vastness of the calamities through which it leads, will bring the nations to a new consciousness which will awaken the much-needed international conscience, the long-sought but, after all, thus far little effective sense on the part of the individual nation: 'We owe our duty to humanity, and consequently to our fellow

express with naïveté. Their pride is doubtless somewhat exaggerated. But it is such men that at this moment no doubt are tempted to speak of uncivilized Europe.

"I do not know how long this stage of South-American civilization, in which peace with honor seems, for the time, the normal event, will continue. But when one remembers the year 1890, and recalls the failure of the Barings, and the seeming hopelessness of the South-American situation, one tends to be inspired with a certain hope that Europe also may find its way out of the bad dreams, of the delirious wars, and absurdities in which at the moment it lives, into the new light of reason, of liberty, and of wisdom. We can not predict this result, but the South-American republics that in 1890 we pitied and despised for their unreasonableness and for their evil passions—they give us a right to some hope for Europe."

A PRESIDENTIAL HOMILY

A RAP AT THE CHURCH TENDENCY to run to over-organization was delivered the other day by President Wilson in an address to the assembled members of the Federal Council of Churches. He admits the scriptural injunction to "let your light shine before men," but finds that many think the words summon them to set themselves up on a candlestick. Now, the trouble, as he sees it, is, that "some people can not find a candlestick, but the greater trouble is that they are a very poor candle, and the light is very dim." These words were uttered before the meeting held recently at Columbus, Ohio, and a full report appears in the *New York Evening Post*. His humorous exegesis was calculated to point the value of "cooperation," which he differentiates from "organization." Even here, so far as the effort applies to the churches, the President sees a danger that organized effort may "absorb the life of the community and run the community for its own benefit," and result finally in "nothing profitable." He finds a way of skilfully bantering the churches on what may be regarded as a pet hobby:

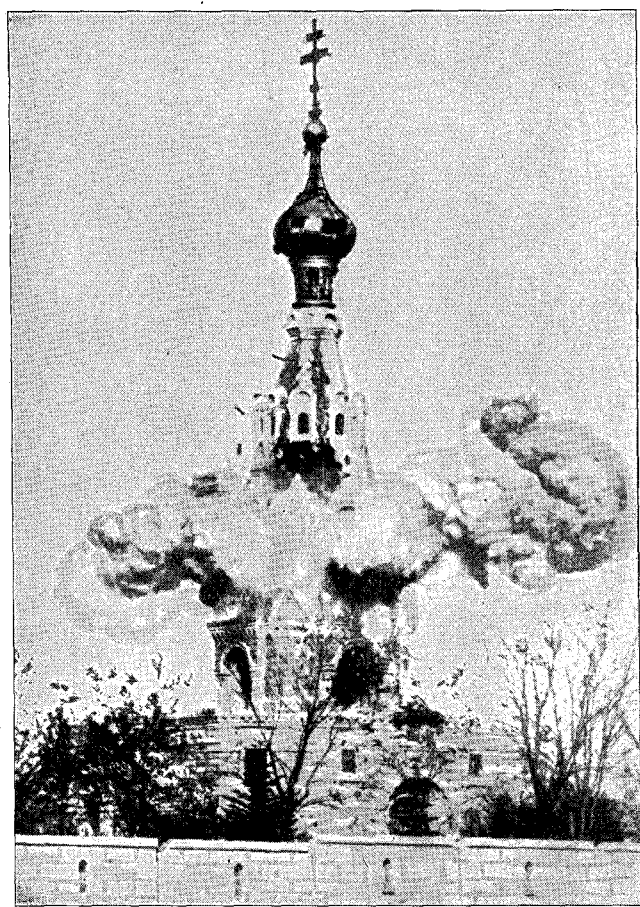
"If the object of the organization is to afford a mechanism by which the whole community can cooperatively use its life, then there is a great deal in it. An organization without the spirit of cooperation is dead and may be dangerous. So that the vital principle is cooperation, and organization is secondary. I have been a member of one or two churches that were admirably organized and were accomplishing nothing. You know some people dearly love organization. They dearly love to sit in a chair and preside. They pride themselves upon their knowledge of parliamentary practise. They love to concoct and write minutes. They love to appoint committees. They boast of the number of committees that their organization has, and they like the power and the social influence of distributing their friends among the committees, and then when the committees are formed there is nothing to commit to them.

"This is a nation which loves to go through the motions of public meeting, whether there is anything particularly important to consider or not. It is an interesting thing to me how the American is born knowing how to conduct a public meeting. I remember that when I was a lad I belonged to an organization which at that time seemed to me very important, which was known as the Lightfoot Baseball Club. Our clubroom was a corner, an unoccupied corner, of the loft of my father's barn—the part that the hay had not encroached upon—and I distinctly remember how we used to conduct orderly meetings of the club in that corner of the loft. I had never seen a public meeting, and I do not believe any of the other lads with whom I was associated had ever seen a public meeting, but we somehow knew how to conduct one. We knew how to make motions and second them; we knew that a motion could not have more than two amendments offered at the same time, and we knew the order in which the amendments had to be put, the second amendment before the first. How we knew it I don't know. We were born that way, I suppose. But nothing very important happened at those meetings, and I have been present at some church organization meetings at which nothing more important happened than happened with the Lightfoot Baseball Club. And I remember distinctly that my delight and interest were in the meetings, not in what they were for; just the sense of belonging to an organization and doing something with the organization, it didn't

very much matter what. Some churches are organized that way. They are exceedingly active about nothing. Now, why not lend that organizing instinct, that acting instinct, to the real things that are happening in the community, whether they have anything to do with the church or not?"

As a practical suggestion in cooperation, Mr. Wilson points an opportunity for the rural church, and especially for its pastor, to link up with the activities of the nation. Thus:

"In a farming community one of the things that the Department of Agriculture at Washington is trying to do is to show the



STORMING THE RUSSIAN CHURCHES.

A picture taken at the moment a shell was exploding inside the edifice.

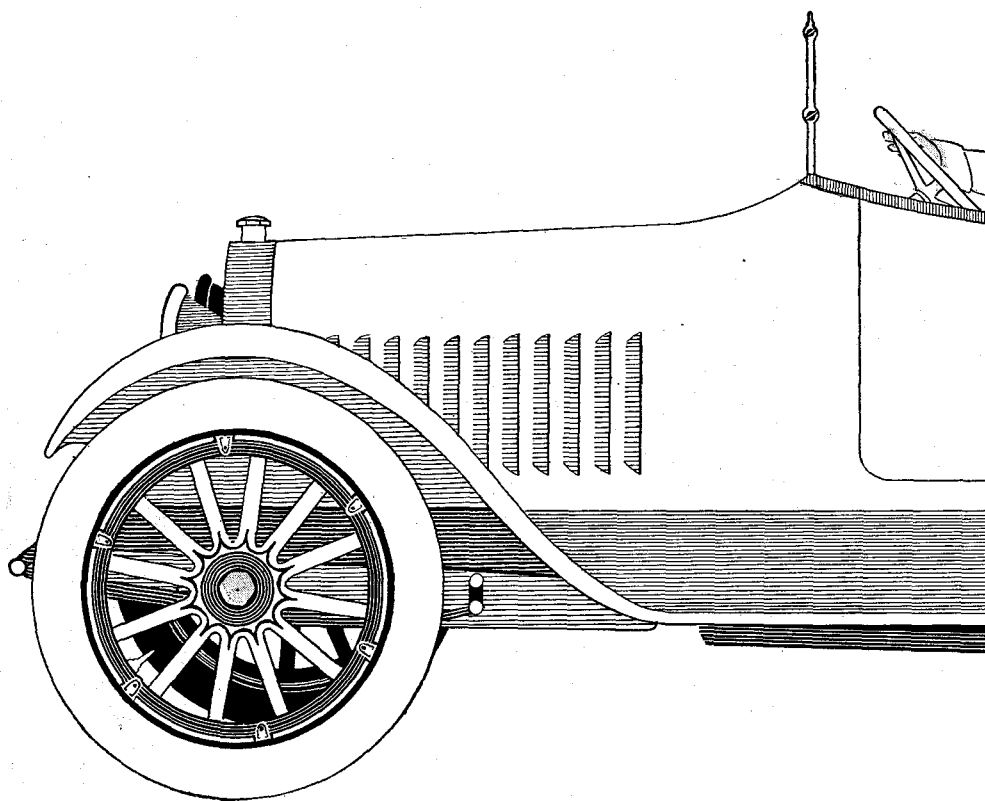
farmers of the country the easiest and best methods of cooperation with regard to marketing their crops; learning how to handle their crops in a cooperative fashion, so that they can get the best service from the railroads; learning how to find the prevailing market prices in the accessible market, so as to know where it will be best and most profitable to send their farm-products, and drawing them together into cooperative association with these objects in view. The church ought to lend its hand to that. The pastor ought to say:

"If you want somebody to look after this for you, I will give part of my time, and I will find other men in my congregation who will help you in the work, and help you without charging you anything for it. We want you to realize that this church is interested in the lives of the people of this community, and that it will lend itself to any legitimate project that advances the life and interest of this community."

"Let the rural church find that, and then discover, as it will discover, that men begin to swing their thoughts to those deeper meanings of the church to which we wish to draw their intention, that this is a spiritual brotherhood, that the pastor and his associates are interested in them because they are interested in the souls of men and the prosperity of men as it lies deep in their hearts.

"It seems to me that the country pastor has an unparalleled opportunity to be a country leader; to make everybody realize that he, as the representative of Christ, believes himself related to everything human, to everything human that has as its object the uplift and instruction and inspiration of the community or the betterment of any of its conditions."

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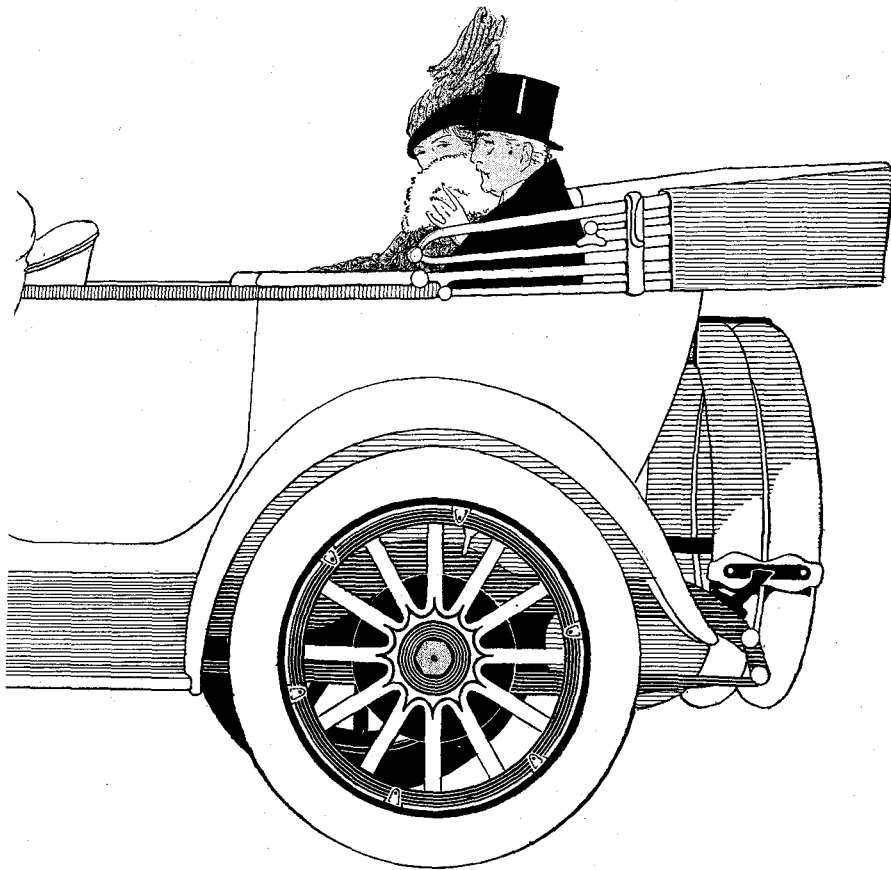
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engine—but at the cost of acceleration and fuel economy. They stood pat at 45 H. P. They knew this would provide a car for all-round performance.

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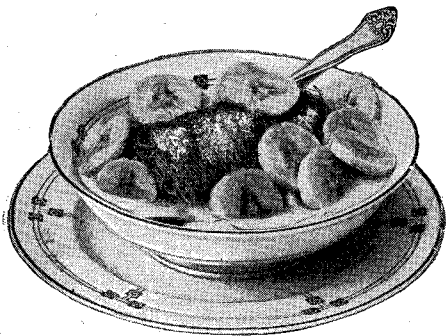
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CURRENT - POETRY

WHAT many people will consider 1915's most important book of poetry did not appear until the year was nearly over. It is Lionel Johnson's "Collected Works" (The Macmillan Company); a volume which has been expected and desired ever since the poet's tragic death in 1902. Of course there has been in existence the two volumes which were published during his lifetime, but of these only one edition has been printed and the possession of them was possible only to a few fortunate collectors. Several poems had found their way into the anthologies, and those who read them were eager to see more of the work of Walter Pater's most brilliant pupil.

Perhaps this poet's most important single contribution to literature is his magnificent ode "Ireland." It is too long to be printed entire, but the stanzas which we quote show its lofty imagination and nobly patriotic spirit, and reveal the majesty of its rhythm.

IRELAND

BY LIONEL JOHNSON

Thy sorrow, and the sorrow of the sea,
Are sisters; the sad winds of thy race:
The heart of melancholy beats in thee,
And the lamenting spirit haunts thy face,
Mournful and mighty Mother! who art kin
To the ancient earth's first wo,
When holy Angels wept, beholding sin.
For not in penance do thy true tears flow,
Not thine the long transgression: at thy name,
We sorrow not with shame,
But proudly; for thy soul is as the snow.

Old as the sorrow for lost Paradise
Seems thine old sorrow: thou in the mild West,
Who wouldst thy children upon earth suffice
For Paradise, and pure Hesperian rest;
Had not the violent and bitter fates
Burned up with fiery feet
The greenness of thy pastures; had not hates,
Envy, and desolations, with fierce heat
Wasted thee, and consumed the land of grace,
Beauty's abiding place;
And vexed with agony bright joy's retreat.

Swift as the word of the Eternal Will,
Upon thee the malign armed Angels came.
Flame was their winging, flames that lap thee still;
And in the anger of their eyes was flame.
One was the Angel of the field of blood,
And one of lonelier death:
One, saddened exiles on the ocean's flood,
And famine followed on another's breath.
Angels of evil, with incessant sword,
Smote thee, O land adored!
And yet smite: for the Will of God so saith

A severing and sundering they wrought,
A rending of the soul. They turned to tears
The laughter of thy waters: and they brought,
To sow upon thy fields, quick seeds of fears;
That brother should hate brother, and one roof
Shelter unkindly hearts;
Friend from his ancient friendship hold aloof,
And comrades learn to play sad alien parts;
Province from noble province dwell estranged,
And all old trusts be changed;
And treason teach true men her impious arts.

But yet in their reluctant hands they bore
Laurel, and palm, and crown, and bay: an host,
Heartened by wrath and sorrow more and more,
Strove ever, giving up the mighty ghost;
The field well fought, the song well sung, for sake,
Mother! of thee alone:
Sorrow and wrath bade deathless courage wake,
And struck from burning harps a deathless tone.
And palm and laurel won, with crown and bay,
Went proudly down death's way.
Children of Ireland, to their deathless throne.

Proud and sweet habitation of thy dead!
Throne upon throne, its thrones of sorrow filled;
Prince on prince coming with triumphant tread,
All passion, save the love of Ireland, stilled.
By the forgetful waters they forget
Not thee, O Inisfail!
Upon thy fields their dreaming eyes are set,
They hear thy winds call ever through each vale.
Visions of victory exalt and thrill
Their hearts' whole hunger still:
High beats their longing for the living Gael.

But in spite of his zeal for Irish national life and for Irish literature, Lionel Johnson was English by birth and education. Seldom have the charms of the English countryside been portrayed in stanzas more spirited and colorful than those we quote below.

IN ENGLAND

BY LIONEL JOHNSON

Bright Hellas lies far hence
Far the Sicilian sea:
But England's excellence
Is fair enough for me.

I love and understand
One joy: with staff and scrip
To walk a wild west land,
The winds my fellowship.

For all the winds will blow,
Across a lonely face,
Rough wisdom, good to know:
An high and heartening grace.

Wind, on the open down!
Riding the wind, the moon:
From town to country town,
I go from noon to noon.

Cities of ancient spires,
Glorious against high noon:
August at sunset fires;
Austere beneath the moon.

Old rain-washed, red-roofed streets,
Fresh with the soft Southwest:
Where dreaming memory meets
Brave men long since at rest. . . .

. . . September's wintering air,
When fruits and flowers have fled
From mountain valleys bare,
Save rowan-berries red.

These joys, and such as these,
Are England's and are mine:
Within the English seas
My days have been divine.

Oh! Hellas lies far hence,
Far the blue Sicel sea:
But England's excellence
Is more than they to me.

A century or so before Lionel Johnson's time it might have been dangerous for him to attempt to circulate the following poem. Indeed, Lionel Johnson seemed to belong to some more spacious era than the frivolous eighteen-nineties in which he wrote. King Charles I. was to him more than a mere historical figure, otherwise he could not have written about him with such intense feeling.

BY THE STATUE OF KING CHARLES AT CHARING CROSS

BY LIONEL JOHNSON

Somber and rich, the skies;
Great glooms, and starry plains.
Gently the night wind sighs;
Else a vast silence reigns.

The splendid silence clings
Around me: and around
The saddest of all kings
Crowned, and again disrowned.

Comely and calm, he rides
Hard by his own Whitehall:
Only the night wind glides:
No crowds, nor rebels, brawl.

Gone, too, his Court: and yet,
The stars his courtiers are:
Stars in their station set;
And every wandering star.

Alone he rides, alone,
The fair and fatal king:
Dark night is all his own—
That strange and solemn thing.

Which is more full of fate:
The stars; or those sad eyes?
Which are more still and great:
Those brows; or the dark skies?

Altho his whole heart yearn
In passionate tragedy,
Never was face so stern
With sweet austerity.

Vanquished in life, his death
By beauty made amends:
The passing of his breath
Won his defeated ends.

Brief life, and hapless? Nay:
Through death, life grew sublime.
Speak after sentence? Yea:
And to the end of time.

Armored he rides, his head
Bare to the stars of doom:
He triumphs now, the dead,
Beholding London's gloom.

Our wearier spirit faints,
Vexed in the world's employ:
His soul was of the saints;
And art to him was joy.

King, tried in fires of woe!
Men hunger for thy grace:
And through the night I go,
Loving thy mournful face.

Yet, when the city sleeps;
When all the cries are still:
The stars and heavenly deeps
Work out a perfect will.

And here is one of the few great devotional poems of the nineteenth century. It is picturesque, sonorous, beautifully wrought, and charged with strong religious feeling. Of this poem, so feelingly and with such dignity written, it has been said: "Its spirit is as devout as that of Francis Thompson's 'The Hound of Heaven,' and as martial as that of 'The Battle-Hymn of the Republic.'"

TE MARTYRUM CANDIDATUS

BY LIONEL JOHNSON

Ah, see the fair chivalry come, the companions of Christ!

White Horsemen, who ride on white horses, the Knights of God!

They, for their Lord and their Lover who sacrificed All, save the sweetness of treading where he first trod!

These through the darkness of death, the dominion of night,
Swept, and they woke in white places at morning tide:

They saw with their eyes, and sang for joy of the sight,
They saw with their eyes the Eyes of the Crucified.

Now, whithersoever he goeth, with him they go:
White Horsemen, who ride on white horses, oh, fair to see!

They ride, where the Rivers of Paradise flash and flow.

White Horsemen, with Christ their Captain: forever he!

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

TWO AMERICANS IN STORM-SWEPT SERBIA

WITH the driving of the Allies over the Servian border into Greece, the Germans, Austrians, and Bulgarians made a clean sweep of Serbia. But even before this last drive in the south, Serbia was no longer the country of the Servians. Driven from the Kossovo Plain and their last foothold in the Katchanik Pass, they had scattered westward. The regulars still fought desperately, in the attempt to check the pursuers and protect their own rear and flanks, but the fleeing nation was already conducting itself not unlike a terrified flock of sheep, rushing blindly hither and thither, rounded here and cornered there by the keen-fanged, clever wolves—driven, blocked, turned, wavering, failing, exhausted, in utter rout. So they made their way by the one pass left open for them into Albania, with insufficient food and clothing, fleeing from a human foe into the grasp of hunger and exposure. We are told by one who saw much of the latter days of the Servian campaign that scattered through Albania at present there are a bare 40,000 Servian troops of the Army that numbered 310,000 when Austria-Hungary first attacked Belgrade. This writer, Louis Edgar Browne, a former American naval officer, now correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*, declares that even this fragment in an alien land has little hope of escaping with life and freedom. Already the Austro-German and Bulgarian forces are driving through Albania westward along three converging lines, apparently seeking the conquest of that country's Adriatic ports. Of the last days of tragic campaigning by the Servians, he writes:

The Servians fought desperately, and on every foot of the fatherland, in the blood of 200,000 men, is written the most glorious page in Servian history.

The Montenegrins say it is barely possible that they will be able to repel the alien invaders of the Black Mountain Kingdom. The Servians say:

"We have fought and we have lost. We have done our duty and the fight is over. Altho we shall never stop fighting, we are whipt. Our army, without food or ammunition, can delay but can not prevent the advance of the enemy."

There is confidence among the Servians that Italy will be able to defend Avlona, as Italy has long been wide-awake to the danger and has been preparing studiously to meet it.

It would be impossible to follow the Servian Army and Government, as I have done for the last seven weeks, without admiring the intense and patriotic courage of the Servian soldiers and people, which was the more admirable because during the last four weeks they have known that Serbia was doomed to certain defeat and temporary annihilation.

The last stand of the Servian Army was made at Prisrend, where more than 100

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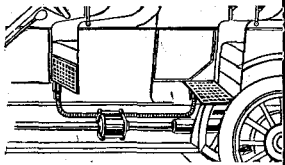
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cannon, mostly of the type of the French 75's, arranged in a huge semicircle, pointed at the Bulgar Army.

After five days of bloody battle the Servians, having fired their last shell, spiked the guns, threw the breech-locks into the river, and then broke and fled in disorder through the narrow path where the river Drin cuts into the Albanian Mountains.

More than 80,000 Servians were engaged at Prisrend, of whom about half were taken prisoners. Three routes of retreat were open to the Army after the defeat. The main route was through Lumkulus, at the junction of the Black and White Drin rivers. Another route was through Jacovitza and Ipek into Montenegro, and the last was from Prisrend southward into Albania via the old Roman road to Dibra, Elbassan, and Durazzo. All three are absolutely impassable for vehicles; each is nothing more than a mule path over high, precipitous, snow-bound mountains. The last orders of the General Staff read: "Fall back on Scutari and Durazzo, using the three passes."

But even this opportunity failed. So rapidly did the victorious hosts advance upon them that the attempt to cover the retreat was easily frustrated. A lightning-stroke at Montenegro by the Austrians resulted in the capture of Jacovitza and a firm grasp on the Ipek passes before more than 3,000 Servians had scrambled through them. An advance by the Bulgars to the south of Prisrend cut off just as absolutely the Roman road to Dibra. Only the Lumkulus Pass was left, and 70,000 men had yet to make their escape. Despondent and beaten, the long line began the flight into temporary refuge. The result is thus related:

At the entrance of the pass, twenty miles from Prisrend, were 70,000 men struggling madly to enter and escape the enemy. Lumkulus Pass is like a funnel, the Drin River, draining the plain of Prisrend, dashes through a narrow gorge. The Servians all tried to get through the pass at the same time. Five days after the defeat at Prisrend 35,000 men had entered the pass. Then the Bulgar artillery caught the range of the entrance to the pass, and after that all attempting to enter were serenely killed.

For five hours the artillery wreaked terrific slaughter on the non-resisting Servians, who only huddled together like sheep and turned their backs to the storm of high explosives and shrapnel.

When the men left Prisrend they had a three days' supply of bread. When that was finished they had nothing more except what they found by the roadside. When a horse fell from exhaustion the soldiers immediately skinned it and ate chunks of raw meat torn with bayonets from the carcass. The flower of the Servian Army is now barefooted, nearly naked, starved, and sick. It is made up of bands of men who have lost all hope of saving their country and whose only thought is to escape.

The bulk of the Servian garrison in Albania is at Elbassan, where King Peter is also. The general belief of the Servians is that the old soldier King will die on the battle-field like a hero rather than go into exile.

The Crown Prince arrived in Scutari

after a ten days' ride, with no baggage but a tooth-brush, soap and towel, and comb carried in his saddle-bags. Everything else was left in the hands of the enemy. With him were one officer and one private of the regiment of horse-guards.

Perhaps it is as well not to read this "most glorious page in Servian history" too closely, however, for while the stories written by those who accompanied the desperate little army and saw it fighting for its life are full of praise, other tales of a less rosy nature come from the interior, where the storm has swept past and the comparative calm of enemy occupation has fallen on the land. A young American in Nish, one of the Columbia University Relief Expedition, and employed in Lady Paget's hospital in that city, describes in the New York *Tribune* the retreat of the Servians and the coming of the Bulgars as he saw them from the hospital threshold. His is the first authentic and detailed story to come out of the one-time capital since all this occurred. Strangely enough, he lays little stress on the sad picture of the beaten Servians and the horrible experience of the Bulgar occupation. It is rather just the reverse. Nish was sacked by the Servians, plundered, burned, trodden under foot. Since the Bulgars have come, order reigns and safety is assured. At the time that this special correspondent, Mr. Le Roy L. Little, writes, the city is completely Bulgarian. Banners and a triumphal arch await the expected entry of the Crown Prince of Bulgaria. Brilliant red fezzen brighten the crowded thoroughfares; German is spoken everywhere; the thunder of cannon comes now from the West instead of the East; and "a real army" takes the place of "the straggling mob that made up the last of the second Servian Army." Where drunkenness and lawlessness were characteristic of the Servian occupation, now "the coffee-houses are closed at six o'clock in the evening" and "every civilian goes peacefully home at the same hour—and stays—or spends the night in a compound wondering when daylight will again set him free." The contrast is given with greater detail as follows:

At 1 A.M., November 4, General Stepanovitch ceased his almost endless pacing on the sidewalk long enough to give the order for retreat. At four the following afternoon the staff rode down the roadway leading westward to Prokuple—perhaps to Albania. Every eye was set in sadness at the desertion of the erstwhile capital, and the marooned citizens cried, man and woman alike.

The night was not unusual till half-past two. Then the 20th Puk, or regiment, arrived, and with it disorder and destruction. Beginning at Chele Kula, two miles east of Nish, this mob broke into the store-houses of the big Civil Hospital, valued at millions of dinars. Condensed milk, chocolate, food-supplies of every sort were confiscated, drugs destroyed, disinfectants

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..... *A composite of 40,000 dealers*

SCENE—Dealer's Show Room.
TIME, any day in the year. Pierce family and dealer discussing features of car, following demonstration trip.

Billy—(Putting his hand on the front hub.) Got Timken Bearings in here? You didn't say so in your ads.

Kellogg—(Scratching his head.) Thought they were given in our specifications. Well, they're in the car all right. (Turning to Mr. Pierce.) Your boy seems to be wise to the big things in motor cars.

Pierce—Yes, he's the best posted one in the family—but I'm just as much concerned about bearings as he, and I'd have asked about them if he hadn't.

Mrs. Pierce—Why are Timken Bearings so important?

Billy—(Eagerly.) Let me tell her.

Kellogg—(With a grin.) All right, young man, what's the reason?

Billy—'Cause they do all the things any other bearings will and they

last a lot longer while they're doin' 'em.

Kellogg—You see, Mrs. Pierce, the bearings in a motor car must do a number of things. Their original function, of course, is to eliminate friction.

Billy—(Interrupting.) Sure! If the axles and insides of the hubs were grindin' away on each other they'd be hard to turn, and they'd get hot as the dickens, and wear out awful fast. So they put bearings in there, an' the wheels roll 'round on 'em, easy as anything.

Mrs. Pierce—That's all clear, but why are Timken Bearings better than others?

Kellogg—Because they not only eliminate friction, but carry the weight of car and passengers and meet end-thrust as well.

Mrs. Pierce—What is "end-thrust"?

Billy—It's what makes you think you're gonna slide off the seat when you go whizzin' 'round a corner. Just think of all that weight tryin' to shove the axle ends right through the wheels sidewise!

Pierce—You've overlooked one thing, Billy—there are different kinds of bearings. Any of them reduce friction, but some can't stand end-thrust at all: Timken Bearings do both.

Kellogg—(Taking two bearings from his display board.) Let me show you, Mrs. Pierce, what your hus-

band means. You notice in this Timken Bearing it makes no difference whether the weight presses straight down or from the side. In this other bearing the side pressure would quickly wear the parts out of shape or push them out of place, because the bearing will carry only a straight downward pressure.

Billy—(Breaking in again.) Besides that, Timken is the only kind of bearing you can make as good as new by pushin' the parts closer together.

Kellogg—That's a big point, Billy. Timken Bearings not only show less wear after thousands of miles of hard service, but what little wear there is can be entirely corrected by this simple adjustment. Other types of bearings, when worn, must be replaced.

Pierce—I've heard enough about bearing troubles from some of my friends. I won't take any chances in my car.

Kellogg—Well, any bearings that stand up on front axles and outlast the car, ought to satisfy you. Timken Bearings have been doing that ever since the first days of motor cars.

Billy—Yes, and "front-wheel service is the test that makes or breaks."

Kellogg—(Laughing.) Your boy certainly reads advertising, Mr. Pierce!

Mrs. Pierce—Why are the front wheels so important?

Kellogg—There's no other place in the car where bearings get such severe punishment. Timken Bearings are built to stand that extra hard service. You'll find it all explained in this book, "The Care and Character of Bearings."

Mrs. Pierce—I'm glad your car is well built, because it's a perfect beauty. I like the big seats and everything about it. I'm willing to take Mr. Pierce's and Billy's word for the things I can't see.

Billy—(Anxiously.) Mr. Kellogg! How many Timken Bearings are there in your car.

Kellogg—(Pulling a little book out of his pocket.) Here's the evidence on this page of "The Companies Timken Keeps."

Billy—(Reading aloud.) "Timken Bearings in front and rear wheels, in the transmission, on the pinion shaft and at the differential."—That's the stuff!

Kellogg—If you want a copy, write the Timken Company, either at Canton, Ohio, or Detroit, Michigan.

Billy—I'm satisfied, Dad, pay him now and let's drive her home.

Pierce—(Producing check book.) Shall I make this to your order, Mr. Kellogg, or to the Company?

(Curtain)

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Trade-marks and national advertising are the two most valuable public servants in business today. Their whole tendency is to raise qualities and standardize them, while reducing prices and stabilizing them.

The Literary Digest

MEMBER OF THE QUOIN CLUB
THE NATIONAL PERIODICAL ASSOCIATION

wasted ruthlessly. All possible damage done, the mob started for the town. On the way clothes, cartridges, guns, and paraphernalia were dropt in the mad rush. The road is strewn.

Arrived in the city, the main street, Strahinicha Bana, was systematically looted. Not half a dozen stores in three blocks escaped. Kolachi (cake) shops, clothing-stores, cigar-stands, shoe-stores, grocery-stores, jewelry-shops, all met the same fate. Bayonets, gun-butts, trenching tools, feet, fists, what not—cut, hacked, broke, and destroyed. One jewelry establishment with a stock worth 10,000 dinars faced its owner in the morning with three battered alarm-clocks.

The main kolachi store resembled the muddy streets of Nish in the worst winter—jam, pickles, cake, chocolate, broken scales, paper, glass, old shoes, comitadji bombs, cartridges, guns, swords, clothes, being mixed in endless confusion. Tobacco-stores were stripped, groceries looted, hotels and restaurants despoiled. The rest of the night stragglers looted the remains, drank whisky and cognac, fought private quarrels in the streets, lay in drunken stupor. Others chose to substitute a pair of woman's new shoes at the belt for the regulation canteen, an astrakhan cap for the army one, a light cane for the sword, and swagger through the streets—ever westward.

At eight o'clock the citizens rushed down to the bank of the Nishava, across from the Capitol, and fought for hours over stores of khaki coats which the owners began throwing from the windows to prevent the incoming Bulgars from appropriating. Women, children, men, gipsies, soldiers, and deserters, all mingled in inextricable and quarrelsome confusion below, while dozens above sweated over the work of "distribution."

Hundreds hastened homeward with a load of coats, only to run back for more. Soldiers, too lazy and independent to earn their loot, awaited choice armfuls in the streets and stole spoils from the despoilers. Later sweaters appeared by the hundreds and were sold freely about the town for two badly depreciated dinars each. Half the young women of Nish are now appareled in them.

Much of the pillage, however, was not so well purposed. Wanton and debauched, the spirit of destruction raged through the city. Every conceivable store of valuables was gutted, its contents dragged about, thrown away, fought for, cast out when won, trampled under foot, and forgotten when the next treasury was broken in. The wantonness of it all is exemplified in one incident which might well jeopardize much of the needed sympathy of other nations:

At noon a Red-Cross warehouse near the station in the western edge of the city was broken into by members of the same 20th Puk. Five American members of the Columbia Relief Expedition—the Dold brothers, of New York; G. R. Bell and E. E. Childs, with Nikola Miyakovitch—stood guard and threatened. Bayonets and bombs drove them away. Miyakovitch, an American from Gary, Ind., implored them in the name of God, King Peter, and the wounded soldiers to cease and leave.

God was ignored, King Peter reviled,

and the wounded wished to the hottest hell, while 2,500 pairs of neutral shoes were stolen by this representation of the Servian Army.

"Damn King Peter!" and "May the wounded die soon!" were the responses growled out of angered and drunken lips.

Ox-trains followed soldiers, cavalry succeeded them—artillery, infantry, more ox-trains. The spirit of chaos filled the city with alarm, and women and children fled wherever there seemed a chance of protection. Fortunately only some half-dozen women had been attacked in the night's carnage, but there was every fear that wholesale Eastern or medieval consequences would ensue. The Mme. Grouitch Baby Hospital housed four hundred in a space for forty. The men of the Columbia expedition were smothered with appeals to give protection. Hundreds remained within their houses, too frightened to eat or sleep.

That night two explosions shook the city. One ended the usefulness of the railroad bridge at Belgrade, the other started a fire in the old Turk fortress that housed thousands of gallons of benzine and numberless cartridges. The flames lighted the valley and the smoke rolled slowly away, while the exploding cartridges imitated heavy rifle-fire for two hours. Meanwhile the last regular troops made their way into Nish, safely past Chele Kula, where the roads from Kynazevae and Pirot, northeast and southeast, join, and where either might have been caught had there been a break in the last defense.

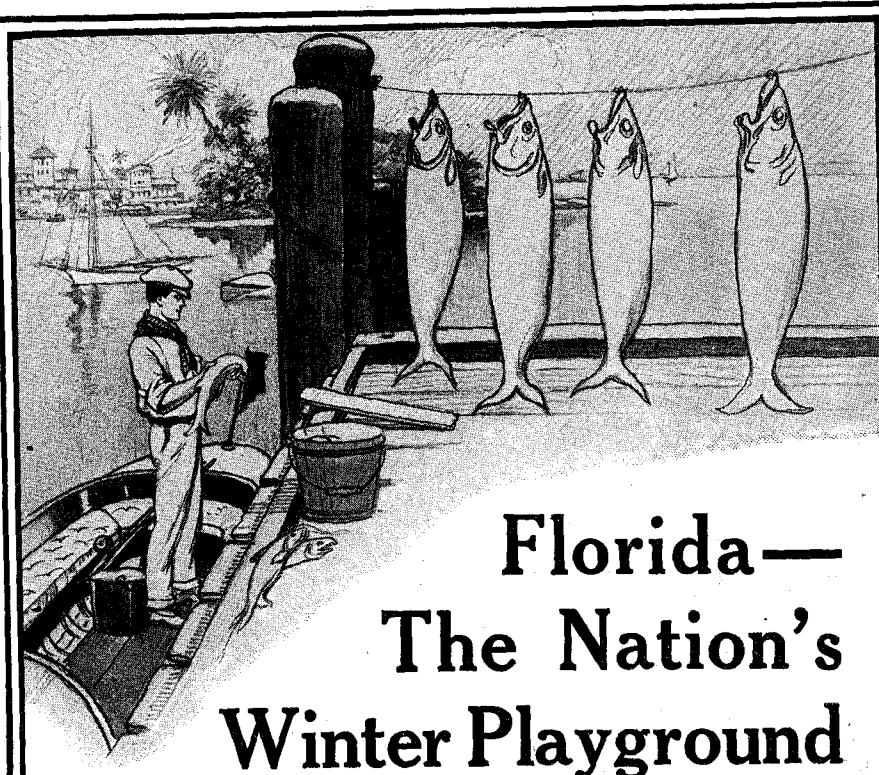
Comitadjis are supposed to have held back the Bulgars, for in this campaign of a month and a day along the eastern front of Serbia they are the only ones who have fought as if for a purpose. At least, so the Bulgarian soldiers say. None in the Servian Army stooped long enough in Nish to be questioned—except the 20th Puk, and their word would not be trusted.

The sequel, coming fast on the hurrying heels of the Servians, is related colorfully:

At one that afternoon only deserting stragglers hung about the streets, while Bishop Dositej and the five Americans named before led a crowd of three hundred to meet the first scouting parties of Bulgars, reported only ten minutes away. Frightened men and women stood in the looted street and bowed or crossed themselves or joined the throng or cried.

Servian soldiers asked what to do with guns and ammunition. The crowd asked itself what the Bulgars would do. It was too cowed to expect anything but worse atrocities than its own Puk of bad name had committed. Three women, safe in a high balcony, passed down a great white flag to replace the small one carried by the boy at the head of the procession. Three men helped pass it to the standard-bearer and he staggered under the new load. A hush began at the front and passed quickly to the rear. The first Bulgarian had arrived in Nish!

A tall, dark man, with the finest and whitest teeth in the Balkans, came out of the hell that had just raged beyond the limits of the city, and kissed the hand of the bishop. The latter made the conventional speech of peaceful intention and was answered in stern tones that no harm was intended. Douglas Dold, of Forest Hills, asked protection for certain goods held by himself and party as neutrals, and



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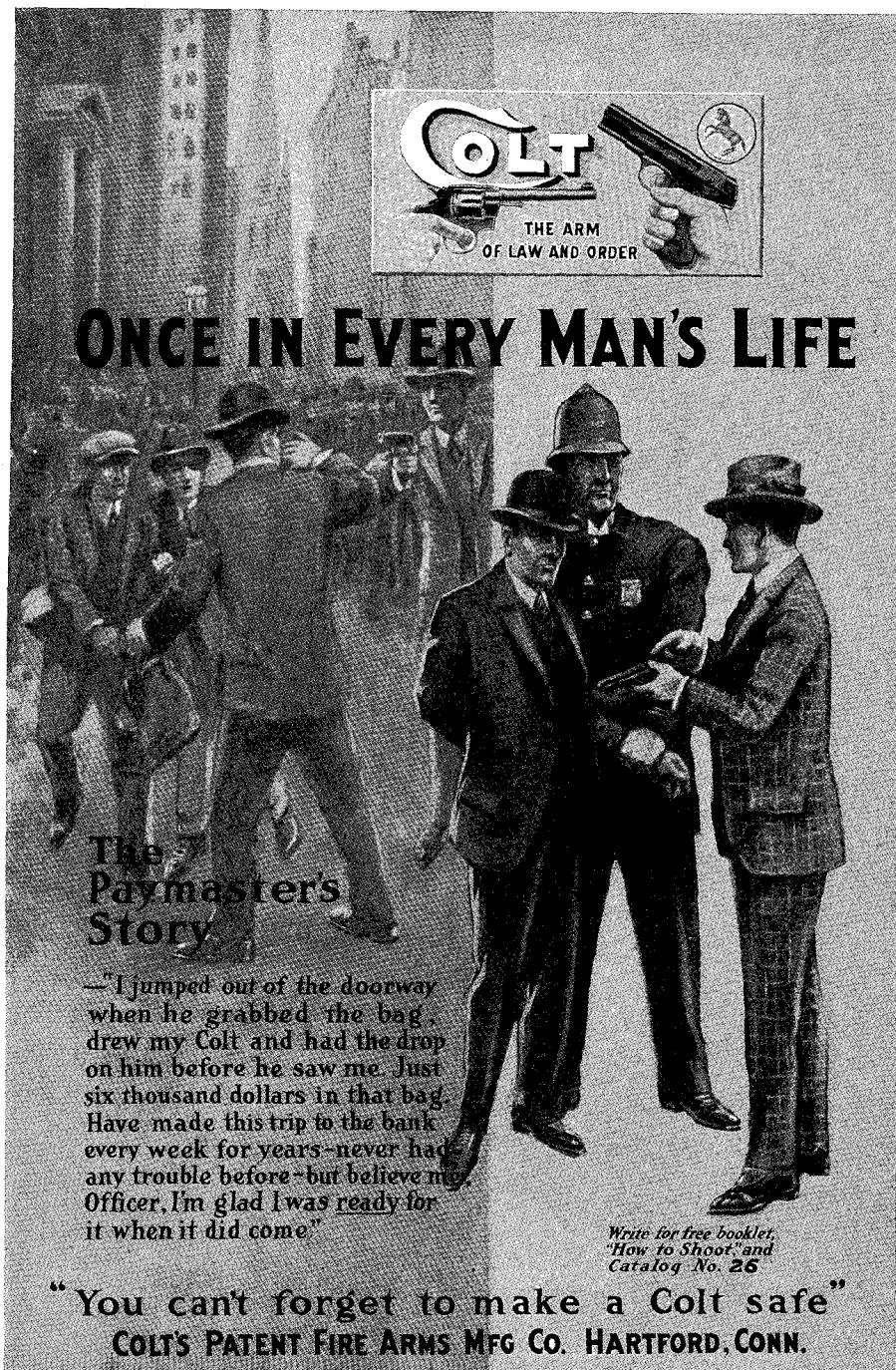
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For further information about Florida, address any or all of the following:

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Board of Trade, Ft. Myers, Florida.
Board of Trade of Howey, Yalaha, Florida.
Chamber of Commerce, Jacksonville Florida.
Board of Trade, Lakeland, Florida.
Board of Trade, Lake Wales, Florida.
Chamber of Commerce, Lake Worth, Florida.
Chamber of Commerce, Miami, Florida.
Board of Trade, Orange Springs, Florida.
Ocklawaha Valley Railroad, Orange Springs, Florida.
Board of Trade, Orlando, Florida.
Board of Trade, Plant City, Florida.
Board of Trade, Sarasota, Florida.
Board of Trade, Sebring, Florida.
Board of Trade, Tampa, Florida.
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Board of Trade, West Palm Beach, Florida.
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An absorbingly interesting chronicle of the private lives of royal personages by *Princess Catherine Radziwill*, for years a member of the intimate circles of European courts. Tells of the love tragedies and romances of the Hapsburgs, the Hohenzollerns, and the Romanoffs; of the inner history of the marriages in the reigning houses of Spain, Italy, Belgium, Portugal, Denmark, Roumania and Bulgaria; of the tempestuous alliances of the Bourbons; and of the wooings and weddings of the British Royal family.

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“Princess Radziwill's manner of treating her subject is racy and informal. She relates a large amount of court gossip and hints at even greater scandals than she cares to relate. . . . There are few royalties whom she does not imply to be lacking either in morality or in mentality.”—*Evening Transcript*, Boston, Mass.

“Overflows with gossip about those ‘born to the purple’ and sheds new light from different angles upon conditions leading to the Great War. Indeed, after reading this book of personalities, one's wonder grows over the fact that there could be any such war at all. For the marriage market of European countries has brought them into such close relationship by marriages and blood as ought to have made war impossible. Are family feuds always the worst?”—*Chronicle*, Augusta, Ga.

Large Octavo, Cloth, Illustrated. \$2.00 net; by mail, \$2.16

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

had his petition granted in the form of the first five Bulgarians to be placed as guards where he saw fit. The city was delivered to the enemy, and the only atrocities were those of the departing owners.

Dold's soldiers were hungry, for they had chased the Servians since dawn without food, but once inside and offered dinner they ran to the hall mirror to see their beards. Then they laughed, washed, and ate their meal.

Forty-five days from home, called by the unexpected Bulgarian mobilization, a month and a day from the time that the aeroplane passed over Nish and killed six non-combatants, Bulgaria claimed that city for her own. However, the Bulgarian soldiers did not appear the beasts they had been pictured by the retreating enemy. Patrols began their rounds immediately, and looting ceased on pain of being shot. The Bulgarian flag appeared on the consulate in an hour and the day of horror was ended.

“ZEPPELIN” BOOMS BRITISH PAJAMAS

WE of to-day are wont to think of Count Zeppelin as being chiefly famous for the invention and building of Germany's huge battle-ships of the air, but there comes a rumor to the effect that our descendants, viewing through the lens of history the disturbed conditions that now prevail, will have occasion to grant him renown of a totally different sort. Says the *Louisville Courier-Journal*: “The old gentleman may well become famous as the man who brought true *Kultur* to the English capital.” In this, it is to be admitted, the great air-ships that bear his name have played a prominent part; but the fact seems indubitably to be true that he is teaching “the barbarians across the channel” what this editor considers a valuable lesson—that “it is just as bad form to go to bed without being dressed suitably as it is not to dress for dinner.”

The secret of Count Zeppelin's influence on British dress-reform lies in the fact that he has taught London to sleep with one eye open and with a definite knowledge of the quickest way to the street. And the habit of rushing into the open in the middle of the night at the first explosion of an air-bomb has an inevitable effect upon one's attire. There is no time to stop before a mirror with a *Zeppelin* overhead. Thus it is no surprise to come upon the following London dispatch to the *Chicago Post*:

Patent hair-curlers have been discarded by the women. No feminine Londoner, says good authority, will take the risk of being “zepped” in these; at least, not in the “zepping” season.

London shopkeepers have let the cat out of the bag. While signing a rush order for hundreds of pairs of the latest model pajamas, the proprietor of a big London store explained:

“No stage-hero in his most admired pajamas-scene is better attired to-day than the average ‘bedroom’ Londoner. Men's pajamas are, of course, the plain article, but the feminine ones have got into a class of their own.”

The October, 1915, model of the "female pajama" comes in a pink *crêpe de chine*, cut on a more or less mannish angle and frilled at the waist and ankles with delicate-tinted silk ribbon. Another popular model composes a one-piece suit with a high waist-line and a high neck. Fancy buttons adorn this model—for decorative purposes only.

Pink and blue are the prevailing colors, tho there is some talk, say the shop-keepers, of introducing a "Joffre gray." It's a more invisible color.

THE FILM-COMEDIAN OFF DUTY

THE private life of Charlie Chaplin, as recently exposed in one or two publications, brings the reader a sense of disappointment. To find that the hero of so many knock-down and lay-out comedies is, in his own home, an ordinarily sane and intelligent citizen is disillusionizing. Is it, then, possible that a movie-farce hero ever walks down a flight of stairs and remains upright all the way? If we were to visit one of them unexpectedly, may we believe that we should never find him down in the laundry tumbling about in his own wash-tubs? But not all chronicles are so disappointing. There is, for instance, Puck's imaginary summary of a moving-picture actor's early-morning activities, ere stern duty calls him down to face the camera. Films are long and art is fleeting, which doubtless accounts for his early start:

7.00 o'clock.—Wakes and falls out of bed when combination alarm-clock and garden-hose goes off.

7.10 o'clock.—Shaves; lathering himself deftly with charlotte russe.

7.15 o'clock.—Morning exercise; puts on boxing-gloves and knocks down wife; knocks down child; knocks down serving-maid. Runs along hall to door and slides down-stairs on piano.

7.16 o'clock.—Returns by way of fire-escape, dragging piano.

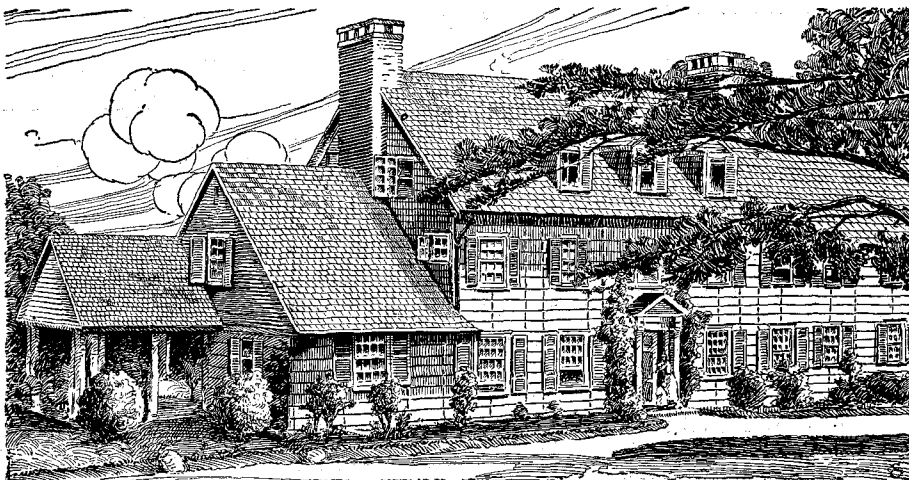
7.17 to 7.30 o'clock.—Devoted to dressing and falling down. Puts on trousers and falls down. Puts on shirt and falls down. Puts on collar and tie before mirror and falls over backward on floor. Rubs off shoes with hair-brush. Fixes hair with shoe-brush. Puts on coat and falls down.

7.31 o'clock.—Starts for dining-room and meets serving-maid with tray of breakfast dishes. Kicks tray; both fall down.

7.32 o'clock.—Enters dining-room and kisses wife and child. Kisses serving-maid, who pushes him through china-closet. Chases serving-maid around breakfast table. Is chased, in turn, by wife. Also by child. Trips on rug and falls down.

7.35 o'clock.—Breakfast. Tears off half loaf of bread and stuffs it in mouth with both hands. Spears seven buckwheat cakes with fork and douses them with maple-sirup. Washes face with largest buckwheat cake. Ogles serving-maid and eats napkin by mistake. Spills coffee. Upsets table.

7.36 o'clock.—Chased around room by wife, by child, by serving-maid. Climbs on plate-rack. Plate-rack falls. Everybody falls. Climbs on chandelier. Chandelier falls. Everybody falls.



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Organization and Education Are Rapidly Promoting Farm Tractor Progress

Ten Million Dollars in the American Farmers' Treasury—Thousands Available for Tractor Purchases—Need of Standardization by Manufacturers—New Plans to Educate the Tractor Owner

ACCORDING to the report just issued by the Secretary of Agriculture, David Franklin Houston, the total valuation of American farm crops and animal products amounted last year to the unprecedented sum of \$9,873,000,000.

This valuation shows an increase of about eighty-three million dollars over the products of 1913, hitherto the highest ever recorded.

All indications now point to figures for the year 1915 exceeding even the enormous sums represented by the 1914 products.

Farm prosperity of such vast proportions means that large sums will be available for the purchase of new and improved equipment.

Farm prosperity at this time is especially opportune as it will aid greatly in the introduction of the most important of all agricultural developments—the farm tractor.

General business prosperity also has an important bearing upon the introduction of the tractor because a very substantial percentage of farms are owned by business men living in cities and small towns. It is this class of farm owners who are most ready to install the tractor. They are the first to see its worth in economy and efficiency.

The most important stage of tractor progress at this time is that of manufacturing development and the education of purchasers.

There is yet much to be accomplished in organization and standardization of output. As yet there is no organization of tractor engineers.

A factor of inestimable importance to the perfection of the automobile and truck is the Society of Automobile Engineers.

The aid to tractor development which would result from a similar organization of farm tractor engineers is emphasized in an editorial in the *Gas Review*, which says:

"One of the most urgent needs of the tractor industry at the present time is an organization of tractor engineers. Up to the present every designer and manufacturer has gone along in his own way hoping to find a solution of tractor problems without co-operation with others in the same line of work. They have all made mistakes and the worst of it is the same mistakes are made over and over by different companies.

"What is needed now is not invention but perfecting of existing types. There is a need for a study of materials, a study of the good features and the defects of the various types on the market and cooperation with all the various accessory manufacturers to adapt their products to tractor needs. There should be more standardization of parts and of materials.

"All of these things could easily be brought about if the men responsible for the design of the various tractors could only get together after the fashion of the automobile engineers. The tractor could be quickly perfected and there would be fewer failures and every manufacturer would have better success with his particular product.

"As yet we have no tractor literature and very little general information as to tractor requirements. A good, live, technical society would quickly supply what is lacking and place the industry on a better footing.

"There is some talk of forming an association some time this winter either independent from all others or as a section of some existing society. Both the Thresher Manufacturers' Association and the Implement Dealers' Association have been suggested, but neither would fill the requirements of a technical society. They are both business organizations and for that purpose they probably would meet all requirements. But the first thing that is necessary is to perfect something to sell. This task can be better fulfilled by an organization of engineers than by an organization of sales managers. To a mere onlooker it seems as though the first task is to get the engineers together in a good live organization and encourage them to work out their problems. Then let the business managers get together with their gentlemen's agreements or whatever is necessary to make the business the greatest success possible.

"The market for tractors is here, there is no question about that. Also there are apparently a few good tractors and undeniably a lot of misfits. The most urgent thing needed for the welfare of the business is either to weed out the unfit or else remodel them and make them fit. Then the public will feel safe in purchasing tractors just as they feel safe in buying automobiles or any other machinery."

Sales methods are still in a somewhat chaotic state and there is room here for work toward uniformity. Here, as with the automobile industry, a national tractor board of trade would be advantageous.

There is considerable discussion between the advocates of cash sales and credit sales. Both phases of this question are thus put by *Gas Power*:

"It stands to reason that a manufacturer can sell his machines for less money if he gets cash for them, than if he has to extend credit. The manufacturer pays cash for the labor and materials which he puts into his engines, and if he can get his dealers to demand cash, it will mean a saving to the men who buy them.

"In some instances it is difficult, and sometimes impossible, for a buyer to pay cash for an engine, but usually he should be able to arrange with his local banker for the necessary capital, so that he may buy the machine outright and thus take advantage of the lower cash price."

From the purchaser's standpoint much is being accomplished to educate the tractor owner. The Government of France, which has so greatly stimulated tractor progress, by the system of farm tractor subsidies, already described in these columns, has now opened a tractor school thus described in *Motor Age*:

"France has inaugurated its first agricultural motor school at Herblay, about 20 miles to the north of Paris. Since the outbreak of the war there has been a radical change in French agricultural methods, the shortage

of horses, the lack of men, and the destruction in certain regions of all agricultural implements having decided farmers everywhere to change from horse to mechanical traction. This movement has been accentuated by the government scheme under which substantial subsidies are offered toward the purchase of agricultural tractors and motors, and the assurance that by 1917 denatured alcohol will be a cheap, national motor fuel.

"The school just established seeks to instruct farmers and farm workers in the handling and maintenance of various types of agricultural tractors. A large amount of land is available for practical work in the fields, but great importance is attached to repairs and general workshop instruction. The usual farm buildings have been converted into workshops equipped with forge, drill, press, lathe, grinding machine, and a good collection of tools. It is intended that the farmer who goes through the course shall be capable of carrying out all mechanical repairs in the maintenance of a fleet of tractors. The demonstration machines are all of American construction."

In our own country much educational work is being accomplished. Several of the agricultural colleges are devoting increasing attention to the tractor. The University of Wisconsin, for instance, is planning a thorough demonstration and exposition of farm tractors during the coming summer.

A new idea which is being developed successfully in the West is the organization of "gas engine rings." The "gas engine ring" is formed by clubbing together a number of farm tractor and stationary gas engine owners and hiring a skilled engineer to supervise the upkeep, operation and repairs of all the machines.

One community organization of this sort, which has worked out its problems with success and profit to the members, consists of fourteen members who own seven tractors and twelve stationary gas engines. These members hire an engineer at \$2,000 a year and this engineer hires his own helper out of this salary. The engineer has entire control of the work, making all arrangements, etc. A repair shop was built for his use and he also has an automobile. The total expenditure of each member of the "ring" averaged about \$170; the increase in value owing to repairs and improvements to the machinery amounted to \$440 for each member.

Thus, in various ways, this vast system of farm power is being placed on a businesslike basis.

If you are interested in the purchase of a farm tractor, tell us in detail your requirements, and we shall be glad to advise you.

Farm Tractor Dept.

The Literary Digest

7.37 o'clock.—Jumps into dumb-waiter and starts to lower himself. Wife and serving-maid try to pull him back. Rope breaks. Everybody falls.

7.39 o'clock.—Wife throws overcoat, hat, cane, and a kiss to him down the dumb-waiter shaft. He proceeds through coal-hole to street, thence to his day's work at the Swatagraph Studios.

AFTER SANTA'S "DRIVE"

WHAT period in all the year is more of benefit to man than the fortnight following Christmas! It is well for a man to be humble, and what combination of circumstances will more quickly tend to devote him to the uses of humility than the dread succession of emotional experiences of those two weeks! Following the elation of Christmas with its abundant holly, its tissue-paper in eye-terrifying reds and greens, its tinsel and trinkets, early on the morning of December 26 the reaction sets in. A confused memory of many follies of the day before dully penetrates your swimming consciousness. Did you or did you not tell Bjorkins that that tenner you lent him last June was "all right," and to keep it as a Christmas remembrance? There are other dubieties of like nature. Then comes the reexamination of your Christmas receipts. Later on the bills will come in for the things you bought, and still later will come the New Year, when you are at liberty devoutly to resolve never to celebrate Christmas again. But for the present the sight that meets your eye, littering up your dresser and the sitting-room tables, chairs, and floor, fills all your thought. This!—this, is Christmas! Like a red rag to a bull, the ocher and magenta necktie in its tinselled box affronts the eye. There is also a box of cigars that—but why go into morbid details? The end is not yet. You have not only to live with this flotsam and jetsam washed up by the Christmastide—you have to thank people for it.

The following lyric voices with a rare and finely attuned understanding the sufferings of December 26. It is address to one type of mankind only, but to one with whom all other men are in sympathy, and whom most women regard with a comprehending compassion. What he suffers all suffer, in greater or less degree. The stanzas are taken from *Life*:

THE SONG OF THE GIFT

BY CAROLYN WELLS

With fingers weary and worn,
With brain a series of blanks,
A bachelor sat in his bachelor den
Writing his notes of thanks.
Scratch, scratch, scratch,
Now slowly and now more swift;
In fluent phrase and honeyed word
He sang the song of the gift.

Write, write, write,
"Your exquisite tie-case is here—"
Write, write, write,
"It is just what I wanted, dear!"

It's oh, to go and live
On India's Coral Strand,
Where woman has never a gift to give—
If this is a Christmas land!

Write, write, write,
To Ethel and Kate and May;
Write, write, write,
To Fanchon and Mrs. McKay,
Maid, widow, and wife,
Wife, widow, and maid,
Till the heart is sick and the brain is punk
And a crick in the shoulder-blade.

Write, write, write,
"I thank you a thousand times—"
Write, write, write,
"I love those Cuckoo Chimes!"
Ties, mufflers, and gloves,
Pipes, ash-trays, and steins;
Fobs, key-rings, and traveling-clocks,
And "choice" cigars and wines.

Oh, men with families dear,
Oh, men with children and wives,
How little you know of the fearful gifts
Besetting Bachelors' lives!
A frightful lamp, a terrible vase,
A criminal Morris chair!
And a sketch so rank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there.

With fingers weary and worn,
With brain unable to think,
A bachelor sat in his blue pajamas
Wielding his pen and ink.
Write, write, write,
In a vein of gay uplift;
And still with a note of felicitous pitch,
Because he was handsome and young and rich,
He sang the song of the gift!

BERLIN'S MEATLESS DAY

GERMANY believes in preparing for trouble long before it arrives, and this accounts for the celebration of the first "meatless day" in Berlin on November 2, far ahead of any really pressing need—so we are informed—for such a deprivation. One conceives that the German philosophy of the matter is that, since the German people are such great meat-lovers, they must be all the more carefully trained to meet the emergency that may be forced upon them later on. Therefore, this first move is made, and November 2 becomes historic. The New York *Herald*, securing information through the *Berliner Tageblatt*, tells us a little concerning that occasion:

All butcher-stores were closed, and even many delicatessen shops did no business. The many rathskellers, beer-saloons, wine-saloons, and other places where there is a midday lunch served free with the drinks were deserted. Berliners are big meat-eaters, and this first meatless day was a great hardship to them. The big restaurants and hotels had prepared especially for the day, and the following menu from one of the hostelries is typical of the bill of fare for the meatless lunch and dinner:

Potato soup		.40	marks
Sago soup		.40	"
Salmon		1.50	"
Shellfish		.90	"
Halibut		1.25	"
Spinach with egg		.80	"
Asparagus with salmon		1.75	"
Potato-balls with fruit		.90	"
Spinach with fried potatoes		.75	"
Fish-balls with cabbage		1.25	"

In the many small beer-saloons pea soup and spinach with macaroni and cheese constituted the bill of fare.

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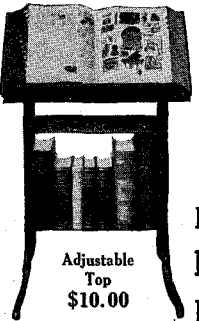
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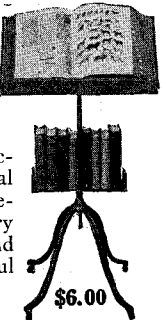


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CANNON-FODDER

VICTORIA Crosses and Iron Crosses are still awarded to a few individuals in Europe whose deeds have attracted the attention of the authorities, but otherwise the individual seems to have little glory for himself. He is a unit hidden in millions of his kind. He is merged in the doing of deeds immeasurably greater than anything within his puny powers. Not at the sacrifice of his life, but at the cost of a hundred or more lives, among which his own flickers out unnoticed, some infinitesimal point on the 300-mile battle-lines may be won for a day. He will not figure in history; he does not figure in the daily war-reports; he is lucky if his regiment is mentioned after weeks of service and decimating casualties. What he does few people know; and those who would understand the part that he and his young officer are playing must read far into the unwritten lines of the terse and cold Official Reports. For this we need aid. Our war-correspondents have been endeavoring to give it to us, but even abler assistance is rendered by those writers who have seen service, and give us their stories of modern warfare warmly colored by personal experience. An engaging book of this sort, by Boyd Cable, has recently appeared, most aptly entitled "Between the Lines" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). It was written at the front, Mr. Cable tells us, much of it within range of shell- and rifle-fire. It aims at just the service hinted in its title, namely, to show what casual, trite statements in the reports indicate in the terms of individual soldiers' lives. To drive this point home, the author begins one chapter as follows:

"... to the right a violent artillery bombardment has been in progress."—ACTUAL EXTRACT FROM OFFICIAL DISPATCH."

This he proceeds to interpret in detail. We are shown "No. 2 Platoon" of the "Royal Blanks," under young Lieutenant Grant, after a drizzled night at the muddy parapet in a particularly bad section of the firing-trench, sitting down with "an astonishing amount of cheerfulness" to a soggy breakfast. The fire under the tea is just going well, and the half-baked army bread, the flinty biscuits, and the cheese are beginning to be nibbled when the trench becomes the target of German shell-fire. It is no sort of time for a bombardment, and contrary to the usual morning custom of the Germans at this point, but there is no room for argument. The first shell lands a good way outside the parapet and explodes harmlessly. For a few moments No. 2 Platoon tends to be scornful, as we read:



He LOST His Little Fortune

—his life's earnings. It wasn't much, but he lost it in a legitimate venture which should have paid big profits—with better management. A few basic business ideas, known to all big men of industry, if worked out in this man's life, would have made the difference between success and failure.

Why did he fail? He knew his business—he managed carefully—kept down his costs and got a good margin on his sales; all in all, he seemed due to "hold his own" with moderate success.

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What It Explains

It tells how to build up a business, why, where and when to buy and sell things, why one man will succeed where another fails, how men's minds work, practical principles of appeal, how to write and know ads, letters, circulars, that produce profits, what to say to inquirers, new patrons, old patrons, how to systematize the handling of large correspondence, how to collect your bills by mail, what constitutes good salesmanship in a person, in a letter, in an ad, how to follow-up a lead, how to get the order, what can and what can not be done in merchandising, the what, when, why and where of personal salesmanship, managing salesmen, doubling sales across the counter, etc. It is chock-full of thousands of helpful hints, and plans for doing a bigger and a better business.

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"Good mornin'," said one man cheerfully, nodding toward the black cloud. "An' we 'ave not used Pears' soap."

"Bless me if it ain't our old friends the Coal Box," said another. "We 'aven't met one of 'is sort for weeks back."

"An' here's 'is pal, Whistling Willie," said a third, and they sat listening to the rise-and-fall whistling s-s-sh-s-s-sh of a high-angle gun's shell. As the whistle rose to a shriek, the group of men half made a move to duck, but they were too late, and the shell burst with a thunderous bang just short of the front parapet. Mud and lumps of earth splashed and rattled down into the trench, and fragments of iron hurtled singing overhead.

The men cursed angrily. The brazier had been knocked over by a huge clod, half-boiling water was spilt, and, worst of all, the precious dry wood had fallen in the mud and water of the trench bottom. But the men soon had other things than a lost breakfast to think of. A shrapnel crashed overhead and a little to the right, and a sharp scream that died down into deep groans told of the first casualty. Another shell, and then another, roared up and smashed into the soft ground behind the trench, hurting no one, but driving the whole line to crouch low in the narrow pit.

"Get down and lie close, every one," shouted the young officer of No. 2 Platoon, but the "crump-crump-crump" of another group of falling shells spoke sterner and more imperative orders than his.

Thus begins that form of torture to which the men are already only too well accustomed—"a violent artillery bombardment." It signifies the attempt on the enemy's part to slaughter men who can not fight back. It is done cannily, too. After the big-shell bombardment there is a rest, in which the bombarded naturally crawl forth and endeavor to induce circulation into their cramped, aching limbs. This the enemy has expected. There comes "a sudden series of swishing rushes and sharp vicious cracks overhead"—shrapnel. Then come the "heavies" again. Parapets tumble and dugouts fall. The shrapnel took a dozen from "Platoon 2"; a dugout cave-in accounts for two more; most are injured more or less seriously. The men crouch helpless, waiting for the thundering, shrieking death to strike, whether with kind obliteration, with tearing fragment of steel, or vicariously with the smother of a caved-in trench-wall. There is nothing but to endure it.

A variant of such a bombardment is called "an artillery duel." This, too, signifies gun against men, rather than gun against gun, but at least the men in the trench have the comforting feeling that the enemy is suffering something of their own torture. On this occasion, however, no such solace was to be granted, as the young officer in charge soon learned:

A word from a man near him turned him round. "... a 'tillery Observin' Officer comin'. Pr'aps our guns are goin' for 'em at last."

The gunner officer stumbled along the trench toward them. Behind came his



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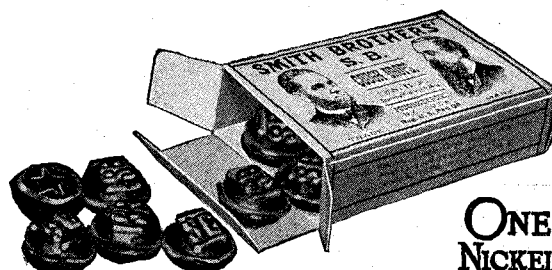
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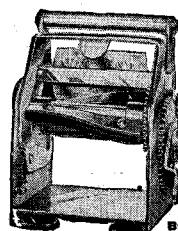
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signaler, a coil of wire and a portable telephone in a leather case slung over his shoulder. No. 2 Platoon watched their approach with eager anticipation, and strained ears and attention to catch the conversation that passed between their officer and the artilleryman. And a thrill of disappointment pulsed down the line of the gunner's answer to the first question put to him. "No," he said, "I have orders not to fire unless they come out of the trenches to attack. We'll give 'em gyp if they try it. My guns are laid on their front trench and I can sweep the whole of this front with shrapnel."

"But why not shut up their guns and put a stop to this?" asked the officer, and his platoon fervently echoed the question in their hearts.

"Not my pidgin," said the gunner, cautiously peering through the field-glasses he leveled through a convenient loop-hole. "That's the Heavies' job. I'm Field, and my guns are too light to say much to these fellows. Look out!" and he stooped low in the trench as the rising rush of sound told of a shell coming down near them.

"That's about an eight-inch," he said, after the shell had fallen with a crash behind them, a spout of earth and mud leaping up and spattering down over them and fragments singing and whizzing overhead. "Just tap in on the wire, Jackson, and raise the battery."

"... That you, Major? ... Yes, this is Arbuthnot. ... In the forward firing-trench. ... Yes, pretty lively ... big stuff they're flinging mostly, and some twelve-pounder shrapnel. ... No, no signs of a move in their trenches. ... All right, sir, I'll take care. I can't see very well from here, so I'm going to move along a bit. ... Very well, sir, I'll tap in again higher up. ... Good-by." He handed back the instrument to the telephonist. "Pack up again," he said, "and come along."

When he had gone No. 2 Platoon turned eagerly on the telephonist, and he ran a gauntlet of anxious questions as he followed the Forward Officer. Nine out of ten of the questions were to the same purpose, and the gunner answered them with some sharpness. He turned angrily at last on one man who put the query in broad Scots accent.

"No," he said tartly. "We ain't tryin' to silence their guns. An' if you partickler wants to know why we ain't—well, p'raps them Glasgow townies o' yours can tell you."

He went on and No. 2 Platoon sank to grim silence. The meaning of the gunner's words was plain enough to all, for had not the papers spoken for weeks back of the Clyde strikes and the shortage of munitions? And the thoughts of all were pithily put in the one sentence by a private of No. 2 Platoon.

"I'd stop cheerful in this blanky 'ell for a week," he said slowly, "if so be I 'ad them strikers 'ere alongside me gettin' the same dose."

But the enemy has not done with them yet. A feint at a rush, which every Tommy left alive springs from his shelter to resist, and then the foe turns on the light guns again, and sprinkles shrapnel with deadlier accuracy than before along the battered trench. It is disheartening work for the young Lieutenant. A look along his

section after this last shower of lead and steel only adds to his depression. He confides in the Artillery Observing Officer:

"This is getting serious," he said when he came back to his place. "There's more than the half of my lot hit, and the most of them pretty badly. These shrapnel-bullets and shell-splinters make a shocking mess of a wound, y'know."

"Yes," said the gunner grimly, "I know."

"A perfectly brutal mess," the subaltern repeated. "A bullet now is more or less decent, but those shells of theirs, they don't give a man a chance to pull through."

"Ours are as bad, if that's any satisfaction to you," said the gunner.

"I s'pose so," agreed the subaltern; "ghastly sort of game altogether, isn't it? Those poor fellows of mine now—the killed, I mean. Think of their fathers and mothers and wives or sweethearts—"

"I'd rather not," said the gunner. "And I shouldn't advise you to. Better not to think of these things."

"I wish they'd come again," said the platoon commander. "It would stop the shells for a bit perhaps. They're getting on my nerves. One's so helpless against them, sticking here waiting to know where the next will drop. And they don't even give a fellow the ordinary four-to-one chance of a casualty being a wound only. They make such a cruel, messy smash of a fellow. . . . Are you going?"

"Must find that break in my wire," said the gunner, and presently he and the telephonist plowed off along the trench.

It is all in the day's work, of course. The Royal Blanks, some of them, lived through the day. The A. O. O., still dragging his telephone-threads after him, saw them march out of the trench at night-fall, when they were relieved. Sturdily, to the accompaniment of the "Tut-tut-tut-tut" of the maxims, flickering along the trench at twilight-hid targets, the several platoons that make up the company plod their way to quarters. They are nerve-racked and worn, but their marching step is firm, and presently out rolls the old canteen song in marching time—"The Sergeant's Return":

I'm the same ol' feller that you always used to know—

Oh! Oh! you know you used to know—

An' it's years since we parted 'way down on Plymouth Hoe—

Oh! Oh! so many years ago.

I've roamed around the world, but I've come back to you,

For my 'eart 'as never altered, my 'eart is ever true. . . .

(Prolonged and noisy imitation of a kiss.)

Ain't that got the taste you always used to know?

A bit farther on, unseen in the dark, a small group of officers watches the men filing past, rank after rank:

"They've had a cruel day," said the adjutant.

"Yes, the worst kind," agreed the O. C. "And I doubt if they can stand that sort of thing so well now. The old regiment is not what it used to be. We've so filled up with recruits now—youngsters, too. . . . Here's B company—about the rawest of the lot and caught the worst of it to-day. How d' you think they stand it?"

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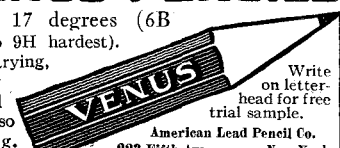
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But it was B company that answered the question for itself and the old regiment, singing the answer softly to itself and the O. C. as it trudged past—

*I'm the same ol' feller that you always used to know—
Oh! Oh! you know you used to know. . . .*

"Gad, Malcolm," said the O. C., straightening his own shoulders, "they'll do, they'll do."

. . . My 'eart 'as never altered, my 'eart is ever true,

the remnant of No. 2 Platoon sang past him.

"They haven't shaken us yet," said the O. C. proudly.

"Tut, tut!" grumbled the maxim faintly. "Tut, tut!"

FACING A BRITISH CHARGE

LIKE Fuzzy-Wuzzy, Tommy Atkins is a "first-rate fighting man," when once he makes up his mind to enlist, gets his six months' training, and finds himself at the front. None knows the excellence of his qualities better, perhaps, than does the German, whose view of the picturesque side of the war reaches us only too seldom. In the "drive" in Champagne three months ago, in which some fifty square miles were gained and were paid for at a cost to both sides of about 1,000 men per square mile, it was the British force that made most of the gain, at Loos. The various Allied eyewitnesses' stories of the British charge have been plentiful, but here is one account from the other trenches. The writer, a special correspondent for the Berlin *Tageblatt*, describes the charging Britons as "coming on like a great storm-cloud" through the din and smoke and gas-fumes. As we read, in the New York *Herald's* translation of the German article:

First of all, shells came sweeping along. They tore up the trees from the roadside; they burst in villages, mines, and farms where no shot had fallen for weeks. The black smoke banners stood everywhere around, in the fields, where no living thing could be seen; the shrapnel smoke hung like clouds in the sky; fire was bursting from the housetops.

In the cellars there cowered weeping women and children and wounded, and all physicians were busy bandaging. Volumes of smoke hung over the trenches. The communication-trenches were drenched in a storm of shells. One wounded man lay in a communication-trench the whole day, so terrible was the fire that none could get to him. This trench had been battered the day before; during the night the pioneers had put it in shape again, but at eleven o'clock in the morning it had been reduced to débris.

Bear in mind, this trench was more than one and one-half miles long. Everybody had to scramble through it: dispatch-bearers, reserve companies, supports, wounded, and telephone-messengers. That was only one of hundreds of approach-trenches. Perhaps people will begin to perceive how hot it was.

The confusion was too wide-spread to permit actual photographic detail of more than unrelated incidents, but we get an

occasional striking picture, as the writer's description of the fighting north of the La Bassée Canal, in which he speaks of the trenches as "reduced to dust" by the Allied shell-fire. He continues:

A party of English were surrounded and kept on fighting bravely while the ring tightened around them. Finally all their ammunition was gone and they had to surrender.

Around Loos the picture is worse. I met an officer from the famous "Hohenzollern" redoubt. His legs were covered with clay, his body with filth and dust. His uniform was half wrenched off; his hair was gray, and deep furrows stood in his brow. He was hoarse and could not speak coherently. The slaughter was terrible, he said, especially the work of the howitzers and machine guns—all horrible to see.

A bursting shell hurled a machine gun back into a trench. Some of our brave fellows seized it and began to fire. English on the right! Where? They are our men! No, by Heaven, they are Englishmen, quite near, not ten yards off before their uniforms can be recognized in the dark haze. More trenches had to be evacuated. The English were pressing forward hotly. There were bloody fights in yards and mines and villages.

Suddenly an English company appears unexpectedly. A machine gun sweeps the street. Some fall. An officer rallies them and forward they come over bodies. And the machine gun goes silent. Often it was hard to say who was opposite, who was on the flank or in the rear, friend or foe. And shrapnel burst wherever one turned one's steps. This is something of the way the battle of Loos looked when the men in khaki came through the smoke.

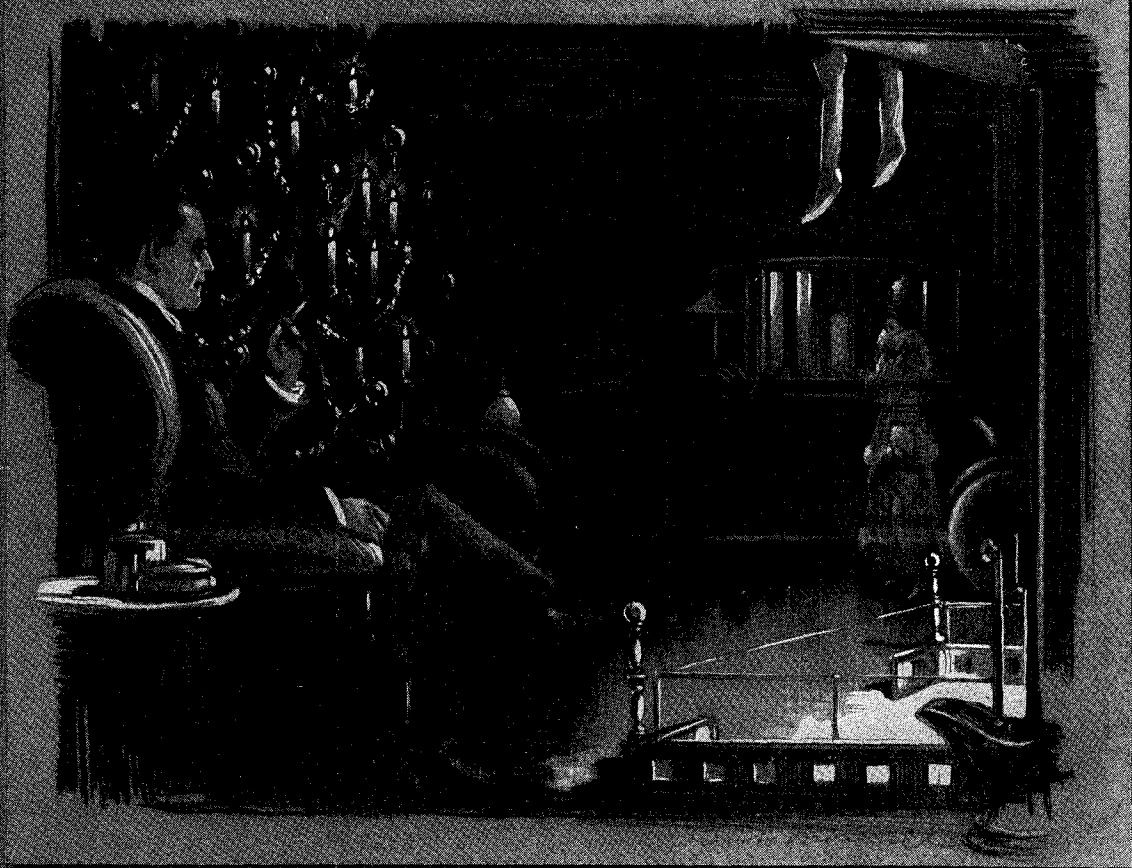
WHY WE LIKE MOVIES

WHY we like movies—and if you do not, dear reader, there are yet many who do—has been explained on the psychological basis by many writers, among them Dr. Hugo Münsterberg, of Harvard. These explanations, however, the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* discards as of little worth in comparison with that given recently by a Virginia showman, who makes all clear "in a few practical and illuminating words." The gist of these words the editor gives us, with comment thereon:

Otto Wells, of Norfolk, says the reason that all classes like motion-picture plays is that each person puts into the mouths of the silent actors the exclamations, words, and lines that he himself would use under like circumstances.

Incidents and situations are flashed on the screen, but the spectator tells the unspoken story to himself, and there is no possibility of artificial, strained, or incomprehensible dialog. What the spectator imagines is the thing that is natural to him. To one who watches *Hamlet* with Yorick's skull, the words of the play may come—"Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay, Might stop a hole to keep the wind away." To another's imagination, *Hamlet* says, "Well, we all gotta come to it."

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INVESTMENTS - AND - FINANCE

ECONOMIC EFFICIENCY WHICH THE WAR WILL HAVE TAUGHT

AMONG the crumbs—if not full loaves—of comfort which students of economic conditions are already extracting from the European War is a belief that all the nations are learning greater efficiency and economy in the management of enterprises and that this will offset in a notable degree the destruction of property that takes place while the war goes on. At the outbreak, an appalling calamity to all economic, industrial, and commercial conditions was believed to show itself upon the horizon. While the old order has had to suffer considerable wreckage, it is beginning to be believed that upon these ruins will be built a strong and vigorous organization leading to greater developments in the future. This view has been forcibly set forth in an article printed in the December number of *The Americus*, which *The Wall Street Journal* believes to have been inspired, or actually written, by Frank A. Vanderlip.

The writer points out that there is now in formation an industrial coordination stimulated by war-time necessities in this country that will result in a huge development of all industries. This is particularly true of chemical and electrical applications. The war has taught Europe not only to make greater efforts in production, but also to exercise greater economy in production. This is particularly true of Germany, and the United States is destined to follow along the same lines. But to bring this about there must be greater cooperation, which means a return to something of the combinations in business which attracted the hostility of the Federal authorities in recent years. The article in part is as follows:

"Nearly everybody appears to expect that Germany, if intact and under the leadership of the Imperial Government, will carry still further the principle of active government interposition in the control of industry and trade, looking toward national coordination of everything. The people of England and France are individualistic in enterprise, as yet. If the fortune of war should give the Allies sufficient power, soon it would be unlikely that the national policies of Germany would develop much further in their present direction. But if the war is prolonged, and necessity compels all the nations to continue or to go steadily further in nationalizing business-activities for the purposes of war, nobody knows how the war may leave its permanent impress on the organization of manufacture and commerce. In fact, if the war should end to-morrow in a draw, the further concentration of industry that Germany is reported to have already decided upon as a national policy in case of that outcome might force, by induction, something of the same kind in England and in France. Russia is naturally inclined to a certain measure of it. Japan has already gone further than Germany in the imperialization of business.

"The direct personal interest in all this for United States manufacturers lies in the possibilities of a new kind of competition in trade. During the first months of the war it was only natural to think that every one of the belligerent countries of

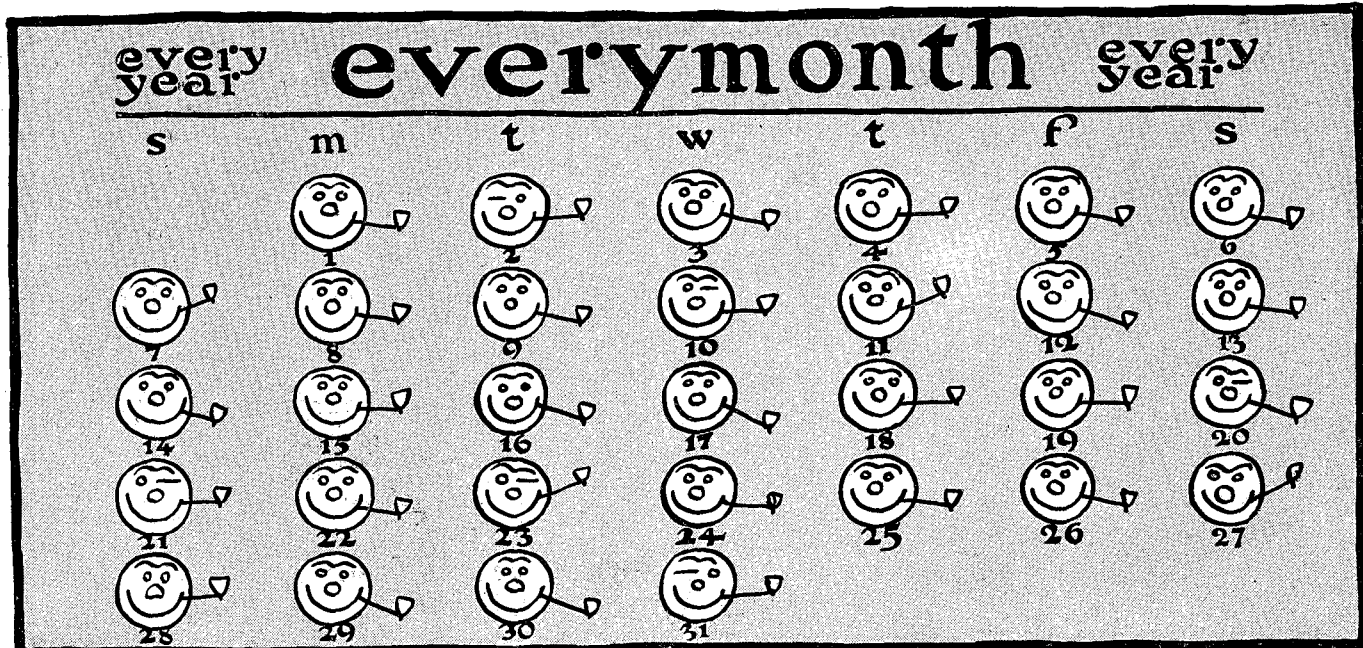
Europe would return to a peace basis with a great commercial handicap in the way of disorganized industries, depleted labor-forces unable to manufacture with the skill as before and demanding higher wages, a burden of taxation increasing costs along the entire line of movement in production and distribution, and an appalling destruction of wealth.

"If the war continues long enough we may come back to that first view of things, but for the present we have got away from it. Europe has accomplished some things that used to be thought impossible. It has been demonstrated that there can be an enormous destruction of certain forms of wealth without proportional impairment of the productive capacity of a nation. It is the productive ability of the most efficient of the nations of Europe after the war that we will have to deal with, not with the average ability of Europe, or with the measure of its static wealth. It is dynamics that counts in competition.

"A certain captain of industry once said that if it came up to him to choose between the capital represented in his business and the organization he had built up, he would take the organization. England, France, Germany, and the others may be poor after the war, but if effective industrial organization remains, any one of them may manufacture new goods in a way to give us a tussle in our own markets, to say nothing of the export trade, without which our national prosperity will disappear.

"Moreover, an even more important advance in efficiency and economy of production is expected to be made by European industry through superior organization in big phases than by the increased earnestness of labor. If what some men who are capable observers say of the changes that have already come over European industrial generalship is correct, grave necessity has stimulated an almost revolutionary development of latent ability in the organization of big, nation-wide activities. It is said that the manufacture and movement of war-supplies in England, organized with great rapidity, have reached a great size and steadiness of volume that make this an achievement on the grand scale that matches the long and carefully planned organization of Germany. The comparison may have a little friendly prejudice in it, but there is no doubt about a very great advance of organization of industry in England, and about the results of organization in a large way in France. Russia seems to be doing something of the same kind. It is not necessary to put the tape-line on these achievements in big efficiency to get their significance in relation to United States industry and commerce after the war. England and France are alive to the seriousness of the commercial struggle that will follow.

"In the United States, we are in the middle of a very important development of our electrical industries of all kinds that points, in the not distant future, to the almost universal employment of electricity for power, light, and even for heat. There will be one boiler-room for distribution-zones hundreds of miles across. The railroads will ultimately electrify and use the same boiler-rooms, taking power from all zones as their lines cross them. It is not a dream; we are steadily coming to it because of the fact that it is the most economical, the most intensively efficient, way. Of every hundred new factories installed with power, 95 use electricity now. Ultimately all will use it and all will buy their power at less than half what they themselves could generate it for."



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THE GENERAL ADVANCE IN RAILROAD BONDS

There has been during the present year, and especially in the latter half of it, a general advance in the market values of railroad bonds. This has been true in spite of the returns of bonds to us from Europe. The average yield on standard railroad bonds early in the year approached 5 per cent., whereas now it is under 4½ per cent., a statement which reflects clearly the rise in price. A writer in *The Financial World* has compiled a list of twenty-five high-grade railroad bonds in which he indicates the range of market prices from the end of July, 1914, during three subsequent periods down to the present. In the course of this article he says:

"The lowest prices were not made when the Stock Exchange reopened for business in November of last year, but followed the enormous liquidation subsequent to the 4½ per cent. British loan of last June. At that time, bonds like Baltimore & Ohio prior lien 3½s, Atchison adjustment 4s, Burlington joint 4s, Central Pacific first 4s, Lake Shore debenture 4s of 1928, and Southern Pacific refunding 4s returned 5 per cent. or better. In former years practically all of these bonds had sold on better than, or close to, a 4 per cent. basis. Thus there had been a great deal of averaging by institutions and individuals who had bought them from 10 to 15 points higher than they were available for during the summer. The table follows:

	Closing July, 1914	Opening Nov., 1914	Low 1915	Present Price
Atchison 1st 4s.....	91½	90¼	89½	94
Atlantic Coast Line 1st 4s.....	91¾	87¾	85	92
Balt. & Ohio p. l. 3½s.....	89½	88	88¾	93
Central Pacific 4s.....	89½	85½	83½	91
Central R.R. of N.J. 1st 5s.....	116½	112	111¼	117
C. & Quincy joint 4s.....	94¾	94½	94½	98
Ches. & Ohio 1st 5s.....	106½	101¾	101½	106
Col. Southern 1st 4s.....	87½	85½	85	92½
Chi. Mil. & St. P. gen. 4s.....	95	89½	84½	93
Chic. & Northwest gen. 4s.....	95½	89	89½	96
C. R. I. & Pac. 1st 4s.....	81¾	80½	79	85
Erie prior lien 4s.....	82	78¾	76¾	86
Illinois Central ref. 4s.....	90½	85	82½	91
Kan. City South. ref. 5s.....	94½	88½	87½	94
Louis. & Nash. unif. 4s.....	92½	90½	89½	94
N. Y. Central ref. 3½s.....	79½	78¼	76	83
Lake Shore deb. 4s, 1928.....	90	90	89½	94½
Norfolk & West. con. 4s.....	90½	86½	86¾	93½
North. Pacific p. l. 4s.....	92	89	88½	93½
Penn. con. 4s, 1948.....	99	98½	96½	99½
Reading 4s.....	93	92	90¾	99½
South. Pacific ref. 4s.....	88¾	86	88½	90
Southern Railway 1st 5s.....	102	98¼	96½	103
Union Pacific 1st 4s.....	96¾	94	92¾	97¾
West Shore 1st 4s.....	92½	88	86	91

"It will be seen from the quotations above that nearly all bonds are higher now than before the war, the average gain being about 1½ points. The market is still attractive relative to such years as 1906 and 1909, and it has the great advantage of easiest money-rates ever known at this season and a reinvestment fund due in January whose proportions have never before been reached. If it does no more than hold to-day's level in the face of the probable European selling, it will be entitled to great respect.

"A year during which there had been so many receiverships and reorganizations, and at the same time a steady growth of credit among railroad properties that were nearly down and out twelve months ago, naturally has witnessed a very radical readjustment in prices of low-grade bonds. Take, for illustration, issues like Colorado Southern refunding 4½s, Denver & Rio Grande first 4s, Southern Railway development 4s, Seaboard Air Line adjustment 5s, St. Louis Southwestern first 4s and consolidated 4s, Chesapeake & Ohio convertible 4½s, Rio Grande Western first 4s, Erie general lien 4s and the 'A' and 'B' convertibles, Chicago & Alton 3s, Big Four general 4s, Kansas City, Ft. Scott & Memphis 4s, Wisconsin Central 4s and Ontario & Western 4s. It was

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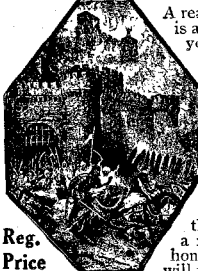
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possible to obtain from 6 to 7 per cent. income on bonds of this character, and they still yield between $5\frac{1}{2}$ and $5\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. At the rate of progress of the earnings of these properties the bonds are still not unreasonable in price. The credit of the Erie, Chesapeake & Ohio and Big Four, particularly, has been made over during 1915, but the junior bonds of these lines have not yet worked up to a level approximating this credit. Therefore, one of the most likely developments in 1916 is a higher market for second- and third-grade railroad mortgage issues."

SPICE OF LIFE

Who She Was.—Otis Dean, meat-cutter for E. M. Holman, was married Sunday to a lady from Arizona.—*From the Hood River (Ore.) Glacier.*

Too Modest.—BIG PURPLE ATHLETE—"I'm a little stiff from lacrosse."
ATTENTIVE FROSH—"Wisconsin?"—*Williams Purple Cow.*

Paying His Way.—BIX—"Do you still walk in your sleep?"

DIX—"No, I take car-fare to bed with me now."—*University of California Pelican.*

A Rare Picture.—"I was told that a picture of Longfellow's *Hiawatha* on her wedding-journey was the inspiration for this gown."—*From The Ladies' Home Journal.*

Hard Luck.—FIRST BRIDGE FIEND—"I once knew a man who had thirteen trumps and never took a trick."

SECOND BRIDGE FIEND—"How so?"

FIRST BRIDGE FIEND—"His partner led an ace, he trumped; and then his partner threw him out of the window."—*Brunonian.*

An English Joke.—EDITOR—"This joke isn't bad. But what has the picture got to do with it? It seems to be merely a study of sea and sky."

MARINE PAINTER (who has turned to humorous art)—"Well, if you read it again you'll see that it's a conversation between two members of a submarine crew."—*Punch.*

Footing the Bill.—Mr. Newman had just recovered from an operation and was talking to a friend.

"The surgeon," he remarked, "said he'd have me on my feet again in three weeks."

"Well, he did it, didn't he?" asked the friend.

"He did, indeed," responded Mr. Newman. "I had to sell my motor-car to pay his bill."—*Christian Register.*

Unsafe.—The editor in charge of the Personal Inquiry column opened his seventieth letter with a groan.

"I have lost three husbands," a lady reader had written, confidentially, "and now have the offer of a fourth. Shall I accept him?"

The editor dipped his pen in the ink. This was the last straw.

"If you've lost three husbands," he wrote, "I should say you are much too careless to be trusted with a fourth."—*Tit-Bits.*

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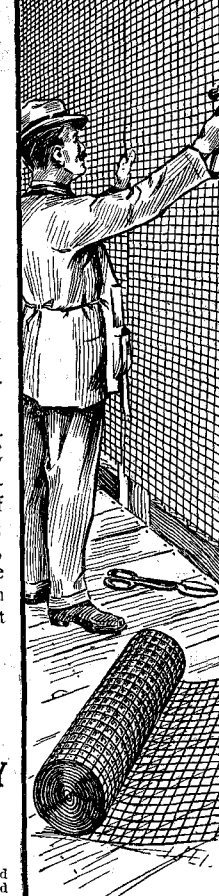
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Cured.—BROWN—"Back to town again? I thought you were a farmer."

GREEN—"You made the same mistake I did."—*Judge*.

Touchy.—"Hard to get along with, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes. He is as quarrelsome as a pacifist."—*Kansas City Star*.

No Luck.—"Do the Germans ever leave anything valuable behind them in the trenches?"

VETERAN—"Never a drop, mum!"—*London Mail*.

The Easiest Way.—MOTHER (annoyed) "I don't see, Elsie, how you can be so naughty."

ELSIE—"Why, mama, it isn't a bit hard."—*Boston Transcript*.

Alas, Yes!—The young lady across the way says that the man who steals a loaf of bread to keep his wife and five children from starving is sent to the penitentiary while the great criminologist all too often escapes without punishment.—*Ohio State Journal*.

Proof.—"Herbert, you weren't listening to what I said."

"Er—what makes you think that, darling?"

"I asked you if you could let me have a hundred dollars and you smiled and said, 'Yes, dearest.'"—*Life*.

Speeding Them Up.—"The wicked flee when no man pursueth," quoted the deacon to the minister.

"Yes," said the minister, who believed in muscular Christianity, "that is true; but they make much better time when somebody is after them."—*Christian Register*.

A Profitable Mystery.—"How did you leave all the folks out home?"

"First-rate," replied Senator Sorghum. "I told them I was going to see if I couldn't straighten out a few problems for the government between now and spring. That cheered them up a great deal."

"To what problems did you have reference?"

"Oh, nothing in particular. I never go into details with my constituents. If you get to explaining things, you are liable to make them sound so easy that the voters get to thinking they don't need you."—*Washington Star*.

A Pair of Them.—Howard Chandler Christy, illustrator, was walking down the street when he was overtaken by a dog that began to snap at his heels. Its mistress made no effort to call it off, so he turned and gave the dog an admonitory kick.

"Brute!" cried the woman, "to kick a little defenseless animal! That little creature is a pet and is not accustomed to such treatment."

"I beg your pardon, madam," replied Mr. Christy. "I did not mean to hurt your dog. But you should have called him off."

"He would not have hurt you," replied the woman in a grieved tone. "He is a pet."

"I did not care to be bitten by him, nevertheless, madam," returned Mr. Christy. "I am somewhat of a favorite at home myself."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*

Identified.—"You haven't forgotten us, have you, waiter?"

"Oh no, sir. You are the two fried smelts."—*Judge.*

His Boast.—**LADY**—"And you say you are an educated man?"

WEARIED WILL—"Yes, mum, I'm a roads scholar."—*University of Michigan Gargoyle.*

Inexpert.—**FATHER**—"Listen, Harold! The camel can go eight days without water. Isn't that wonderful?"

HAROLD—"Not very—you ought to hear Charlie Brown tell one!"—*Judge.*

Not Biased.—**THE RECRUITING-OFFICIAL**—"One gran'father living? Is he on your father's or mother's side?"

THE RECRUIT—"Oh, 'e varies, sir; 'e sticks up for both on 'em—a sort o' nootral."—*London Sketch.*

Doubtful Honor.—"My husband tells me that he was out late last night with your husband."

"That isn't so. I want you to understand that my husband was out with your husband."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Day Behind.—In the wee hours of the morn, the suburbanite got off the train at the home station. Going to the telegraph-office, he sent this message: "Will not be at the office to-day. Am not home yesterday yet."—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.*

Willing to Please.—A certain college president wore side-whiskers. Whenever he suggested removing them, there was a division of opinion in the family. One morning he entered his wife's dressing-room razor in hand, with his right cheek shaved smooth.

"How do you like it, my dear?" he asked. "If you think it looks well, I will shave the other side, too."—*Facts and Fancies.*

Light Work.—A shabby old cottage on the outskirts of a village was suddenly transformed by paint and paper into an attractive little house, and a summer resident of the place, who knew the occupants to be a poor widow and her ne'er-do-well son, was curious about the change.

He inquired about it at the gate.

"Yes, sir," replied the old lady, smilingly, "my son's in work now. Makes good money, 'e does, too. All 'e has to do is to go twice to the circus every day and put 'is head in the lion's mouth. The rest of the time 'e 'as to 'isselt."—*Til-Bits.*

A Deep One.—Johnny stood beside his mother as she made her selection from the huckster's wagon, and the farmer told the boy to take a handful of cherries, but the child shook his head.

"What's the matter? Don't you like them?" asked the huckster.

"Yes," replied Johnny.

"Then go ahead an' take some."

Johnny hesitated, whereupon the farmer put a generous handful in the boy's cap. After the farmer had driven on, the mother asked:

"Why didn't you take the cherries when he told you to?"

"'Cause his hand was bigger'n mine."—*Christian Register.*



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CURRENT EVENTS

EUROPEAN WAR

IN THE BALKANS

December 14.—Montenegro reports a severe attack by the Austrians on all points of the sanjak line, driving in the Montenegrin advance-guard. North of Ipek the Austrians take Roszai, on the Ibar River. To the northeast, Austrian dispatches claim, the Montenegrins, after a severe battle, lose the town of Bjelopolje, on the Lim. Rumors indicate a severe battle raging between the Bulgars and Servians in Albania along the Crni Drin River.

December 15.—Definite news of the landing of an Italian force in Albania and of the reinforcement with men and guns of the Allied forces at Saloniki considerably brightens the Balkan outlook for the Allies. In Milan it is stated that the Italian troops in Avlona, Albania, number 30,000. A German army is massing at Ghevveli, on the Greek border.

December 16.—Athens dispatches state that Germany, in reply to Greece's protest against invasion of her territory, declares that the fortifications the Allies are constructing at Saloniki necessitate an attack by Germany. Greece still insists that no Bulgar forces may cross her frontier.

December 20.—Athens states that Russian forces have landed at Varna, the Bulgarian port on the Black Sea, after a heavy bombardment by Russian ships of war, and have taken the city without further loss. Confirmation is lacking.

December 21.—It is rumored that Greek troops have occupied the town of Doiran and the railway station, thus forming a shield to the Allies in Macedonia. A Greco-Bulgar encounter of small proportions takes place in Albanian territory. Greece insists stoutly that Germany shall permit no Bulgars or Turks within Greek boundaries. In Montenegro the Austro-Germans have proceeded east of Plevlje, crossing the Drina.

GENERAL

December 7.—In the Hungarian Parliament Count Karolyi, leader of the Independent party, makes a speech advocating peace-proposals by the Government to the other Powers. He declares that Hungary has gained all she sought in the first place and has preserved her territory from invasion, and that therefore her allies could ask nothing further from her.

December 14.—Casualty lists of Prussia alone show 2,244,248 dead, wounded, and missing to date. The British War Department gives 2,524,460 as the total German loss, exclusive of the Navy. It is declared that the permanently disabled in Germany, including those killed, dead of disease or wounds, severely wounded, and missing, equal 1,247,249.

The British War Office declares its estimate of the Turks in the field as 650,000, and that this number might, under certain circumstances, be easily increased to 1,000,000.

December 15.—Mail-dispatches received from Rome declare Italy to be assembling a new force of 1,000,000, to be added to the present field-representation of 2,000,000.

December 16.—The French Minister of Finance announces the present war-expenses of his Government to be

\$420,000,000 a month. He estimates the total cost of the war to France so far as \$5,200,000,000, and the cost to all Europe at \$38,800,000,000.

December 18.—A Saloniki dispatch states that, on the refusal of Dr. Forbes, of the Red Cross Mission in Monastir, Servia, to permit the requisitioning of 24 car-loads of flour in the possession of the American Red Cross, and following an attempt to defend his position by hoisting the American flag above his house, Bulgarian officials force entrance, tear down the flag, and seal the store containing the flour, forbidding its further distribution.

An Imperial ukase removes General Ruzsky from command of the Russians in the North, tho retaining him on the Imperial and military councils. Little action of any sort is reported along the Russian lines.

December 19.—In Belgium, continued clouds of asphyxiating gases from the German side are met by a severe bombardment of their trenches. Effective artillery-fire on the part of the Allies is reported also in Artois, between the Somme and the Oise, and near Reims, east of Berry-au-Bac. French air-raiders drop 50 bombs on Metz.

Rome reports two repulses of the Austrians on the Trentino front, one in the Ledro Valley and the other on the plateau between the Torra and the Astico valleys.

December 20.—Violent artillery-bombardments continue in Flanders, where apparently both sides are apprehensive of an attack in force by the enemy. Great German aerial activity is reported, involving 44 encounters in the air between hostile aeroplanes.

December 21.—In the Vosges, Hartmannsweilerkopf is again taken by the French. Bad weather hampers activities on most of the line.

British troops in the Suvla Bay and Anzac regions of the Gallipoli Peninsula are withdrawn, leaving only the Allies forces at Sedd-el-Bahr, on the tip of the peninsula. An official British statement figures the total Allied loss in men at the Dardanelles at 112,921, up to Dec. 11.

Premier Asquith in a speech in the House of Commons demands 1,000,000 more men for the Army, bringing the total force up to 4,000,000.

December 22.—Italian artillery is reported active in the valleys both of the Tyrol and the Trentino. No important gains are reported.

Kaiser Wilhelm's visit to the west front is delayed because of his affliction with "a slight inflammation of the cellular system."

The death of General von Emmich, the victor of Liège, is announced.

GENERAL FOREIGN

December 20.—Terms are finally arranged between the Carranza Government in Mexico and the representatives of the Villa faction, whereby the latter agree to peace and surrender 4,000 men and the rich mining territory held by them in the North. Villa must become a political refugee. It is rumored that, in spite of this arrangement and his own former statements, Villa has placed himself at the head of a force of 400 Mexicans and continued his resistance to the Government, somewhere in the State of Chihuahua.

Dr. Romula S. Naon, Argentine Ambassador to the United States, is authorized by his Government, it is declared, to begin negotiations with Chile

for the preliminary basis of a quadruple arrangement between the United States and the A. B. C. Powers for the protection of neutral States.

DOMESTIC

December 16.—The House passes a resolution to extend for one year the "War Revenue Bill," which was to expire December 31.

Secretary Daniels requests the National Amateur Wireless Association to hold itself ready to come to the assistance of the Government in time of peril as a volunteer participant in the new preparedness-scheme.

December 17.—This Government receives Austria's reply to our *Ancona* note, expressing full sympathy for the victims

of the catastrophe, and offering to discuss the case at length, but objecting that our note is lacking in details and in authority for our claims. Austria refuses to consider our decision in the German instances as applying impliedly in her case.

Paul König, known as Chief of Police of the Hamburg-American Line, and two alleged confederates are arrested by Government officials, charged with having started in the United States a plot to wreck the Welland Canal and so cripple Canada's commerce through the Great Lakes.

December 18. — Secretary Lansing dispatches to the Austrian Government a reiteration of the *Ancona* note, in which he declares that Austria has already admitted a violation of inter-

national law, and bases our claims upon that admission.

The marriage of President Wilson and Mrs. Edith Bolling Galt is celebrated in Washington.

An officially sanctioned press dispatch from Germany disavows all connection on the part of that Government with plotters in this country who have made attempts on the life and property of those interested in furnishing supplies to warring nations.

December 20.—This country protests to Great Britain over the interference by British ships in the mail service between the United States and Sweden, including the examination of parcels-post mail-matter.

Detection of a plot to export crude

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rubber illicitly to Germany is revealed in the announcement of the arrest of a young woman by Federal authorities for "failure to manifest goods exported to foreign lands in the course of trade for profit." The woman, with nearly two tons of crude rubber in her baggage, was, by her confession, to be the first of many such travelers to Holland.

A proclamation by President Wilson is made public wherein New-year's day is appointed as a day upon which Americans may make contributions for the relief of stricken Poland and the Polish people.

The report of the Vice-Commission appointed three years ago by Governor Goldsborough, of Maryland, is made public, revealing shocking conditions in Baltimore and its vicinity, and accusing prominent business men, public officials, and clergymen of complicity in various vicious practices.

Major Robert R. Moton, of Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va., is chosen to succeed the late Booker T. Washington as head of Tuskegee Institute.

December 21.—A dispatch is received from Ambassador Page in Rome naming the twelve Americans aboard the *Ancona*. They were Mrs. Cecile L. Greil, first cabin; Joseph Torrisi and daughter, Carmela, second cabin; and third cabin, Alexander Potalivo; wife, Maria; Nicola Potalivo, two sons and two daughters, Pasquale Isurmio, Mrs. Frances Mascola Lamora and child. Of these only three are known to have survived, namely, Mrs. Greil, Joseph Torrisi, and Irlando Potalivo.

THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"G. B.," Providence, R. I.—"Which is correct: 'Set of fur,' or 'Set of furs,' and the reason?"

"Set of furs" is the correct one in the connection you give, as *furs*, the plural form, is the regular word for the combination of neck-piece, muff, etc., worn by women. "Set of fur" would not be as readily understood and is not, in any case, the correct form.

"O. B. S.," Fayetteville, Ark.—"McMechan, in the introduction to his edition of 'Sartor Resartus,' mentions the 'brand of Astur.' Who was Astur? What is the story about his brand?"

The reference in the introduction of 'Sartor Resartus' is to Astur, a champion of the Etruscans, and Chief of Luna, a district of Etruria, mentioned in Macaulay's poem *Horatius*. This Astur comes forward and attacks Horatius, who is holding the bridge, and is slain by him. He is described by the poet as follows:

"But, hark! The cry is Astur!
And lo, the ranks divide,
And the great lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield."

For the full circumstances the LEXICOGRAPHER refers you to the poem in question, which you will find in Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome."

"W. A.," Roslindale, Mass.—"Kindly tell me what connection Chief Engineer Stevens had with the Panama Canal, and when; and also, when Major G. W. Goethals became head of the construction of the Canal?"

John F. Stevens became chief engineer of the Panama Canal on April 1, 1905, and held that position until 1907. Colonel Goethals was chief engineer, February 26, 1907-1914, and was appointed first civil governor of Panama Canal Zone, April 1, 1914.

"J. I. LeC.," Chicago, Ill.—"Why is it correct to say, 'I was there' and 'If I were there'? Why should 'If' change the verb?"

It is correct to say "I was there" because this is a direct statement and calls for the indicative mode, while "If I were there" is also correct, because the conjunction *if* introduces a conditional clause, which calls for a verb in the subjunctive mode.

"A. J. C.," El Paso, Texas.—"Kindly advise me the origin and meaning of the expression 'Take the message to Garcia.'"

This order was given by President McKinley during the Spanish-American War to Major Andrew S. Rowan, of the United States Army, with certain papers that the President wished to be conveyed to General Garcia, of the Cuban forces. Major Rowan carried out the commission successfully under conditions of great difficulty and danger. Elbert Hubbard used the words "Taking a Message to Garcia" as the title of a booklet urging the necessity of doing personally and promptly what one has to do, and not deputing it to others to do. The booklet obtained a very wide circulation, and the phrase "carrying a message to Garcia" came to stand for performing one's duty personally and efficiently.

"H. W.," Bedford, Ind.—"What is the literal meaning of the word 'Excalibur'?"

It means literally "Eat steel," and is taken from the two Latin words *esco*, "eat," and *chalybs*, "steel." In Sir Thomas Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," chapter III., line 20, you will find this passage:

"That is sothe," said Arthur, "a gyfte I promysed yow, but I have forgotten the name of my swerd that ye gave me."

"The name of it," said the lady, "is Excalibur, that is as moche to say as, *Cut Stele*."

"P. S. S.," Washington, D. C.—"Kindly give the origin of the expressions, 'To talk to him like a Dutch uncle,' and 'By the great horn spoon.'"

The phrase, "To talk like a Dutch uncle," is a proverbial phrase, meaning to talk sharply or roughly. The Dutch were held to be unusually severe in their military discipline, and an uncle, from the time of the ancient Romans, like a stepfather, has always been considered a sorry substitute for a father. Horace (*Odes* xii, 3) speaks of "dreading the chastisement of an uncle's tongue." The origin of the phrase is, so far as we are aware, unknown, the earliest use of it of which we have a record being in *Charcoal Sketches*, by J. C. Neal (1837). "If you keep a cutting didoes I must talk to you like a Dutch uncle." "By the great horn spoon" is a ludicrous oath of unknown origin, of which we find a mention as early as 1848 in the "Biglow Papers," "Sez Mister Foote, 'should like to shoot, The holl gang, by the great horn spoon.'"

"R. O. S.," Atlanta, Ga.—"In corresponding with a number of persons, or a firm composed presumably of a number of persons, is the salutation sanctioned by the best usage 'Dear Sirs' or 'Gentlemen'? The writer inclines to the latter form, but wishes to settle his doubts as to whether he is in good taste. Would inquire further, whichever form be preferred, is the other allowable?"

Usage governs the point you raise. In this country, the LEXICOGRAPHER thinks that "Dear Sirs" is the form which predominates, but both are in use. Professionally "Gentlemen" is in wide use, especially where no business connection has been established. It is the more formal method of address.

"G. S. L.," Monrovia, Cal.—"Can the word *prejudice* be used as describing a conviction or decision that has been the result of a fair consideration of reasonable evidence? Does not the word always imply an unfairness or injustice?"

Prejudice is "a judgment or opinion formed without due examination of the facts or reasons that are essential to a just and impartial determination; a mental decision based on other grounds than reason or justice; a premature opinion favorable or unfavorable to some person or thing; also, a prepossession or motive influencing to such judgment or opinion; mental bent or leaning; bias: usually denoting an unfavorable opinion when used without a qualifying word; as, a person of strong prejudices; banish prejudice from your mind." As Dr. Fernald says in his "Synonyms, Antonyms, and Prepositions," "A *prepossession* is always favorable, a *prejudice* always unfavorable, unless the contrary is expressly stated."